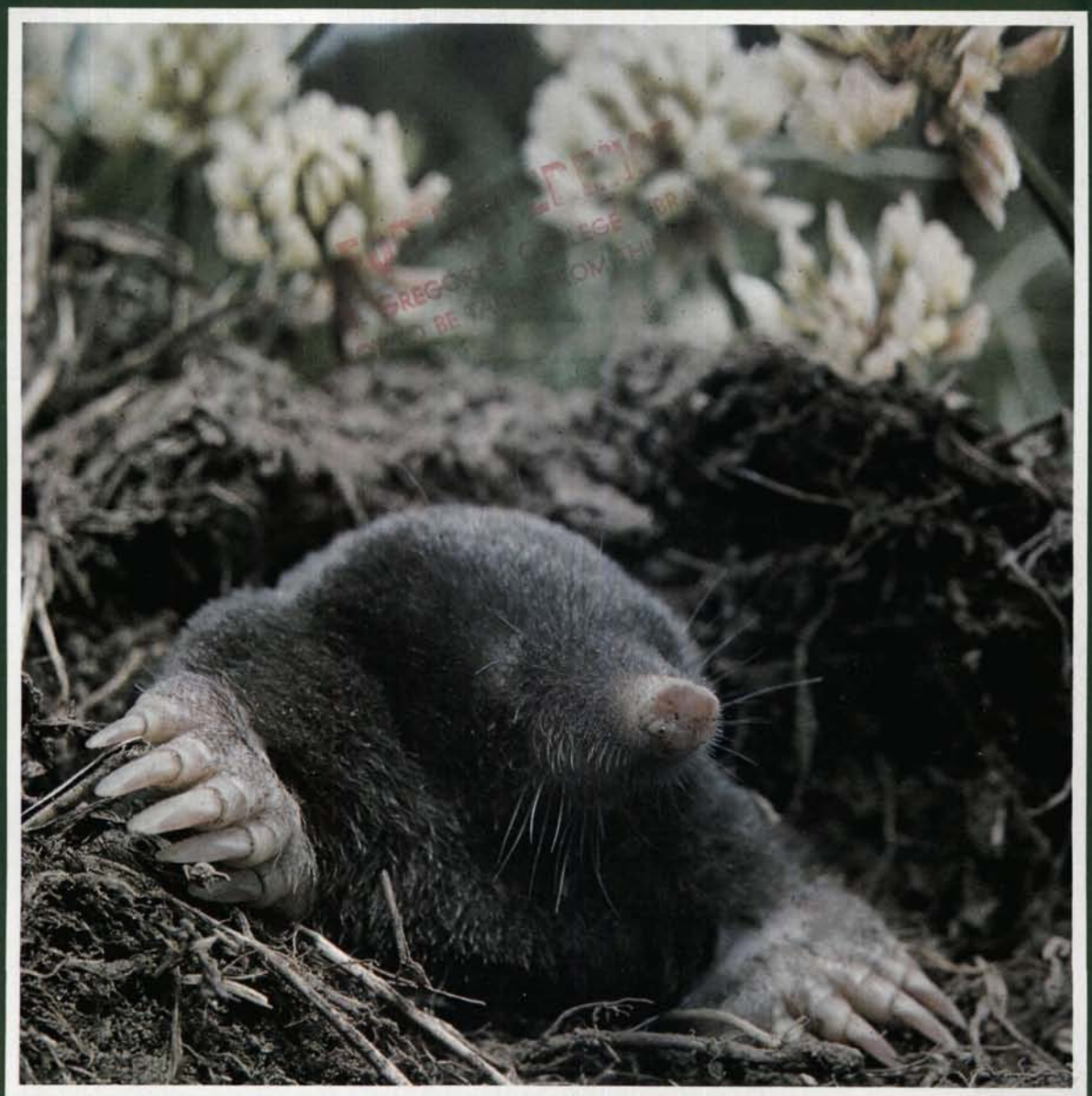
Theodore Draper on Kissinger's Scraps • John Clive on Isaiah Berlin
Chinese Have Feelings Too—*Simon Leys* • Avoiding the Truth—*Terrence Des Pres*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 31, 1981 Price $1.25

The Wonderful World of Moles—*Morton Kondracke*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
January 31, 1981

Reagan Country

This is the first week of Ronald Reagan's 100 days—a period in which we have the release of hostages to celebrate but also the new president to worry about. It was magnanimous for him to send Carter over to Wiesbaden to greet the hostages on behalf of a rejoicing nation. If they had been released sometime in the presidential campaign it might have affected the result, but Carter still would have had his insurmountable handicap of the economy—the awesome problem Reagan now inherits.

I don't know what the American press will do when the hostage issue is forgotten. No big nation was ever so infuriated and bedeviled by a nasty little one as the US was by Iran. The deeper question is what to do about international terrorism. In a way American diplomats are front-line soldiers; they run risks. They are supposed to be safeguarded by the host nation. But suppose it goes off the edge, like Iran? The US reduced its foreign service personnel there from 2,500 to 52, and reduced Americans in Iran from 75,000 to fewer than 2,000. In brutal mathematical terms the number of hostages was petty. Doesn't America see 21,500 murders a year (many by handguns), and accept, with a casualness that other nations can't understand, 51,900 automobile fatalities? But of course that has nothing to do with it. America has not been so humiliated since Pearl Harbor and the problem of fanatical terrorist blackmail by a government-in-being hasn't been settled. There are pro-Soviet elements in faction-ridden Iran trying to precipitate the very US armed reaction which Carter avoided. Iran may split up yet. The story isn't over.

Meanwhile we have a new president and there's a credibility cloud over Reagan that he ought to lift right away if he can. The economy is really in very bad shape. The public elected Reagan to fix it. People hope, but doubt. Psychologically he probably doesn't have much time. All the public wants is a miracle.

The sun gleamed behind winter clouds last week on Capitol Hill as Reagan stood alone on the platform they had built for him and gave his inaugural address, and the nation listened raptly. No other nation elects a leader and knows so little about his governing capabilities. Walter Heller says, "What the Great Depression was to the 1930s, the Great Inflation is, a half century later, to the 1980s." And President Reagan? The *Wall Street Journal* reported rather chillingly last week, before the inauguration: "The fear that Mr. Reagan's initiatives will merely wither away is amazingly widespread." In the election he promised to cut taxes, increase defense spending, end inflation, and balance the budget. That gave him a thumping electoral college majority, but all the time there was lingering doubt.

The message that Reagan gave last week was that government is too big. He said it in various ways and with repeated emphasis, like one more outsider who has come here to make Washington behave itself. "We are a nation that has a government—not the other way round," he said epigrammatically. He continued that the government "shows signs of having grown beyond the consent of the governed." (I jotted down here, between paragraphs, "Sun out for 5 seconds"; and I kept count of the applause interruptions—there were nine.)

It was an eager, hopeful crowd of about a quarter of a million people. The president even gave us one of his favorite lines from his homiletic three-by-five cards: "In this present crisis, government is not the solution, it is the problem." (Applause number 3.)

Well, H. L. Mencken said, "There is always an easy solution to every human problem—neat, plausible, and wrong." In fairness to Reagan he did not say that big government is the only problem. The plan is to follow the inauguration with swift, important action that will catch the imagination of the public and take control of the situation. For everybody's sake we hope it succeeds. The euphoric hysteria over the hostages may grant President Reagan more time on his economic package.

The administration plans to abolish the Council on Wage and Price Stability, which tried to administer voluntary guidelines—it violates the president's free-market principles. Ending the council will make government that much smaller, of course, and the agency hasn't been very successful in restraining trade unions and employers. There are those, however, who believe that the price-wage spiral, the vicious circle of wages chasing prices and prices chasing wages, is one of the more important causes of inflation. The respected Walter Heller, quoted earlier, a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, writes in the current issue of *Challenge*, "One comes back to the compelling evidence that the hard-core of our abiding inflation problem lies in the wage-price relationship." Can't tax reductions, if made, be used to persuade trade unions to moderate wage demands and to persuade employers not to pass higher wages on to consumers?

Before we close the chapter on the Carter administration, here are some random points. Carter made no Supreme Court appointments. (His appointees to lower courts were excellent.) Nixon wasn't at the inauguration but he was represented by four Court appointees. Five present justices are septuagenarians and Reagan may fill out the Nixon roster. . . . The Carter-Mondale relationship was the best between president and vice president in the history of the country. . . . Incidentally, the 1984 presidential election has begun. Mondale in effect acknowledged he's a candidate in his ABC TV interview a week ago when he said he's giving "serious consideration" to it. . . . As to 1982 midterm, don't expect Reagan to capture the House as he has the Senate. There's normally a bounce back for the "out" party at midterm. In this century, Republicans have won nine presidential elections and every time lost congressional seats in the midterm that followed. Democrats have won 10 presidential elections and only once (1934) increased their gains at midterm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

A word of protest

To the editors:

In your recent editorial, "UN Protocols" (*TNR*, December 27, 1980), regarding remarks contained in a speech at the United Nations by the ambassador of Jordan, you incorrectly state that "the representative of the United States did not speak at all during the debate" and that "not a single word of protest was uttered by an American delegate."

At my instruction, Ambassador Richard Petree, deputy United States representative to the United Nations Security Council, directly took issue with the "counterproductive polemics" of the Jordanian permanent representative and objected to the use of the United Nations forum for this purpose. The Jordanian representative even responded to Ambassador Petree's criticism. Furthermore, in my press conference on December 17, I also responded to the negative connotations and rhetoric in Ambassador Nuseibeh's speech. At the same time, both Ambassador Petree and I rejected the point of view, unfortunately repeated in your article, that somehow an organization is to be indicted because of an action by one. The Senate was not a racist institution because of Senator Bilbo and many of his successors in the Senate. Neither is the United Nations because of the statements of one member country.

The broad brush you use to paint the United Nations as "that corrupt institution" and a "factory of lies" is an unfortunate but oft-repeated reaction on *TNR*'s pages in recent years. It would be more honest of *The New Republic* to state that it judges the United Nations largely on the basis of a single issue, criticism of Israel, and thereby largely forfeits objectivity even when, as in this instance, justly criticizing the remarks of a representative.

Donald F. McHenry
US Representative to the UN
New York, New York

The editors reply:

Our information that no American delegate challenged the Jordanian ambassador's anti-Semitic remarks came from the official spokesperson of the UN mission. As it turns out, we were wrong that "not a single word of protest was uttered." There were two: "counter-productive polemics." These bold words were uttered after our inquiry. McHenry says this formulation was at his own instructions. So we know what he thinks is an apt response to a rant about how Jews "exploit" and "hold in bondage" and "plunder the rest of humanity by controlling the money and wealth of the world. . . . Lord Rothschild's gold. . . . Mr. Oppenheimer. . . . 15 million blacks in bondage. . . . diamonds, the uraniam" . . . and so on. "It is a well-known fact that the Zionists are the richest people in the world and control much of its destiny," the Jordanian delegate said. Apparently McHenry doesn't himself object to the meaning of these words, but only to their "negative connotations and rhetoric."

The UN is an anti-Semitic organization because its official proclamation that Zionism is racism denies the legitimacy of Jewish peoplehood: there are Jews; there is Judaism; but there is no Jewish nation. Of course we have been exercised by the campaign against Israel in the UN. But that is hardly our only objection to the organization. The UN cannot protect Afghanistan or Vietnam. It wouldn't protect Poland or Chad. It is indifferent to human rights. We've run many articles on the UN. The ones most vexing to UN buffs were by Shirley Hazzard, who hardly mentions Israel at all.

Animosity toward the aged

To the editors:

Stephen Chapman's dismissal of national conferences as meaningless exercises in greed betrays particular animosity toward older Americans. The demeaning and ageist title, "Goodies for Oldies" (*TNR*, January 3 & 10, 1981), reveals a fear of older people that is not uncommon among the very young and immature. Chapman's dismissal of these conferences and their older participants as effective or desirable instruments of advocacy has an aura of elitism. His contemptuous description of the aged "scheming to raid the Treasury" and behaving like "children in a toy store" is much too reflective of a bias against the aged that precludes dispassionate analysis.

His casual dismissal of accomplishments of prior White House Conferences on Aging is unconvincing. It is a fact that major changes in national policy on aging occurred shortly after each of the preceding conferences. No one contends that Medicare, Medicaid, indexing of Social Security, and increased funding of nutrition programs were brought about exclusively as a result of the tens of thousands of older Americans who urged such policies in the conferences that preceded their enactment. But, surely, to dismiss this major advocacy instrument as having had no impact is equally erroneous.

Chapman's contention that "given the prevailing climate of opinion and the inclinations of Congress" these improvements would have naturally occurred is most naive. "Prevailing climates of opinion and inclinations of Congress" are results that are developed by advocacy mechanisms in a democratic society and few such instruments have been as effective in the field of aging as have been the White House Conferences on Aging.

It is surprising and encouraging to me to note that the government is willing to spend several million dollars to create a forum for its least represented citizens to express their views on national policy. That is much more healthy and open than the substitute advocacy mechanism used by special interests in the private sector, namely, political contributions to policy-makers.

Chapman's suggestion for examining his admittedly "important" issues of aging lacks clarity in its description. For an example of "meaningless verbiage," to use his phrase, try this description of that substitute mechanism. There should be, Chapman proclaims, "quicker and cheaper methods—and better ones."

Thanks, Stephen Chapman, for a penetrating analysis of the White House Conference on Aging 1981.

Jerome Waldie, Executive Director
The White House Conference on Aging
Washington, DC

To the editors:

I am somewhat puzzled by the White House Conference on Aging's requirement that two of its California delegates be "Pacific Asians." It is clear from the article that the other ethnic groups involved will be allowed and even encouraged to be belligerent. Why should Asians be discriminated against?

(Name Undecipherable)
Berkeley, California

[*Correspondents: This is what happens if you don't type your letters.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 184, No. 5, Issue 3447, January 31, 1981. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 11, August 8, August 29) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.25; yearly subscriptions, $28; foreign, $31; students, $17.

Copyright 1981 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Send all remittances, inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Contents

TRB from Washington	**2**	Reagan Country
	3	Correspondence
Comment	**5**	An Ex-President's Ransom
Robert M. Kaus	**8**	Let Them Wear Adolfos
Charles Krauthammer	**10**	Carter, Ltd., Reagan, Inc.
Morton Kondracke	**12**	Search for Subversion
Nicholas von Hoffman	**15**	A Fool and His Money: Letter Bugs
Bart Rubenstein	**16**	Nick's Picks . . . Bart's Charts
Henry Fairlie	**17**	Who Speaks for Values?
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	**20**	Films: Old But New, New But Old
Robert Brustein	**21**	Theater: Crossed Purposes
Edwin J. Kenney Jr.	**23**	Enemies Within and Without
Theodore Draper	**27**	*For the Record* by Henry Kissinger
Robert Bly	**28**	Poem: "The Prodigal Son"
Terrence Des Pres	**30**	*The Terrible Secret* by Walter Laqueur
Simon Leys	**33**	*The Chinese* by John Fraser
John Clive	**35**	*Personal Impressions* by Isaiah Berlin
Washington Diarist	**39**	Human Potential

Translating Neruda

The Way to Macchu Picchu

John Felstiner. Taking as a text Pablo Neruda's brilliant sequence *Alturas de Macchu Picchu*, this many-faceted book forms an essay on the theory and practice of literary translation, a study of Neruda's career through 1945, and an interpretation of his major poem, all of which lead to a striking new poem in English, *Heights of Macchu Picchu*, printed here along with the original Spanish. Illustrated. $18.50

Stanford University Press

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Associate Editor—*Charles Krauthammer*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Theater—*Robert Brustein*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Assistant Production Manager—*Lisa Derman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Judith Larkin*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Ronald Steel, Tad Szulc, Anne Tyler, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Circulation Manager—*Patricia Hardee*
Circulation Fulfillment Manager—*Reed Phillips*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Financial Planning Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Advertising Manager—*Joan M. Stapleton*
Classified Advertising Manager—*Theresa Miller*
Rights and Permissions—*Winter Thomason*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*David Seideman*

The New Republic is phototypeset and produced by 19th Street Graphix, Washington, DC.
Production Supervisor—*Kathy Sullivan*

Cover: Mole (Talpa europaea). Photo by Hans Reinhard, courtesy Bruce Coleman Inc. Article on page 12.

"As for his secret Spialls, which hee did imploy both at home and abroad; by them to discover what Practices and Conspiracies were against him, surely his Case required it: Hee had such Moles perpetually working and casting to undermine him. Neither can it bee reprehended. For if Spialls bee lawfull against lawfull Enemies, much more against Conspirators, and Traitors."—Francis Bacon, Historie of the Raign of King Henry VII *(1622). (Thanks to the office of public information, Central Intelligence Agency.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 31, 1981

An Ex-President's Ransom

Some disputes between nations are settled peacefully and justly. Others persist and fester. Still others are resolved by force. But there is no dispute between nations so intractable that it cannot be settled peacefully, provided only that one of the nations is willing to acquiesce to aggression, violate its own principles, sacrifice its own interests, traduce its own honor. Thus the Czech-German crisis of 1938, which might have led to war in Europe, was peacefully resolved by the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, a lengthy process that culminated in 1939 in a solemn agreement signed by the Czech government. As Daladier, the French prime minister, had said earlier, if the Czechs hadn't been such skilled negotiators, the other governments of Europe "would otherwise be left to their obligations."

The Carter administration yielded to nothing quite so drastic in making the concessions that brought the 14 and one-half month long US-Iran confrontation to an end. But it did acquiesce to aggression and to a particularly brazen instance of state terrorism. The nature of that deal will be slow to sink in. The details are so complex. The joy of the hostage homecoming understandably takes precedence in the emotions of Americans. And because most of us will experience the return through the visual images and numbing blather of television, the deeper meaning of the arrangement struck in Algiers (if nothing else) is sure to be obscured. But however thankful we are that the hostages are free, the method of their release offers little cause for rejoicing. Assertions by members of the former administration about how the happy outcome justifies the policy of patience and restraint are hollow. Jimmy Carter's mawkish remarks about his own exertions on behalf of the captives did not include reference to his exploitation of their captivity during the election campaign. The retrospective claim that the lives of the hostages were always the first consideration of the Carter administration is belied by the aborted rescue attempt, which (justifiably, we think) put the lives of both prisoners and rescuers in peril.

It also is not true, as the defenders of the agreement have it, that what has transpired is a simple exchange: our nationals for their property. (As the ever-accommodating *Boston Globe* put it: "Iran is reclaiming its own assets.") No calculus can value the suffering of the prisoners or the agony of their families and friends. Similarly, the American diplomatic hurt is not something anyone can quantify. To be sure, no conceivable reparation or restitution could even this score; but pain that is intangible is not to be discounted. Let there be no pretense, then, that a process under which a country like Iran—having appropriated to itself more than a year of 52 individual lives—not only goes unpunished, but is rendered financially whole, is a simple exchange or an honorable trade.

Even on its own terms—people for cash—the deal is not just a restoration of the status quo ante. The terms require much more of the US, including constitutionally dubious suspensions of the rights of American citizens and American corporations in American courts. Many of these individuals and entities—with contracts broken, bills unpaid, goods undelivered by Iran—already had initiated proceedings against Tehran's frozen assets. What the US has done is to intrude in ongoing litigation and return to Iran funds that had superior claimants. Some of these claimants now may have recourse to the international tribunal established in the agreement. But they may be denied justice there, either because of the caprice of the court or because Iran won't pay. The deal bars other legitimate claimants from recourse to the tribunal. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of unsatisfied plaintiffs will sue the US government for alienating their legal rights. Many are likely to collect, and collect big. The first federal dollar expended to satisfy claims by Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against Iran is the first concrete dollar of our ransom to the Tehran regime.

The American banks will not have to sue. The deal assures them every dollar they are owed. Why are they so privileged among those with claims against Iran? Why, in fact, were they virtually members of the State Department's negotiating team in the last stage of the talks? The US government has no sentimental preference for Chase Manhattan over Xerox, or Citicorp over SEDCO. The fact is that the banks had veto power over the terms of the agreement, which no one else had, and they had it because the government's right to cancel attachments on frozen Iranian assets was legally questionable. If the banks had not been paid off, they could have held up the arrangement by refusing to release the Iranian funds and forcing the government to ask a judge to order them to do so. Justice Department lawyers informed the State Department that this would be risky. A judge might refuse and the deal would unravel. The key was to bring the banks into the process and fully meet their claims. So the government had to buy the acquiescense of the banks. This made it possible to release Iran's holdings, minus its debts to Citicorp et al., and then to moot everyone else's claims.

In fact, the hostage crisis turns out to have been quite good for the banks. It actually restored the viability of many bank loans made to Iran and Iranian public agencies. Iran had been thinking of repudiating some of these debts on the grounds that they were illegal, even under pro-Khomeini Iranian law, because they lacked the required approval of parliament. In any case, they were unsecured and highly risky loans. In the ordinary course of the political turmoil that gripped Iran after the shah's fall, many of them would have been repudiated, defaulted on, or at best rescheduled. So one minor effect of the hostage deal is to rescue the banks from their own follies while exposing everyone else to chance.

AND WHAT about the claims of the former hostages themselves? The deal specifically excludes them from the claims tribunal. Already there is legislation in Congress for large compensation to the former hostages. Without this, they might well be entitled, after this deal, to sue the US government for their claims against Iran. So here's the second dollar tantamount to ransom.

The US government pledge to identify, impound, and assist in the repatriation to Iran of the shah's wealth in this country, and that of his family, is another legally controvertible proposition. Iran's good neighbor, Iraq, once tried to claim an account in New York held in the name of its deposed king Faisal. Judge Henry Friendly refused to let it go, asserting in essence that aliens have rights which can't be suspended simply to please foreign governments. We don't believe that the shah's property is sacrosanct. But helping Khomeini get his hands on the shah's wealth, however ill-gotten it may have been, is rewarding the ayatollah for seizing our diplomats. Thus the third dollar of ransom.

These pecuniary matters are not the decisive flaws in the deal with Iran. We raise them primarily to demonstrate how misleading the presentation of the document to the public has been. Even if Americans were not out even a dollar, the way this crisis has been resolved would still be morally and politically repellant. Jimmy Carter said in Germany that the lesson of this episode is that "terrorism has been proven not to pay." Even leaving aside the costs assumed by us for wrongs done by them, this simply isn't true. The Iranians have demonstrated to the world the inability or unwillingness of the US to defend its personnel and interests, even when they are flagrantly assaulted by a precarious regime at war with much of its own population and with a powerful neighbor. The deal, with its dizzying numbers and its vaguely conceived tripartite tribunal, might have been tolerable—another proof of human ingenuity in a tight corner—if it at least contained an acknowledgment of Iranian culpability in seizing and holding the representatives of another country. There is no such acknowledgment. There is, instead, what Senator Moynihan has called "semantic infiltration." In this process, we adopt the language of an adversary, language which reflects its view of reality, and in doing so we give it the propaganda victory it seeks. Terrorists cherish such victories, which is why they don't always seek a money ransom. Earlier this month in Italy, the kidnappers of a judge demanded and won only the wide publication of their manifestos, another piece of evidence that civilized society can be forced to do their uncivilized bidding. The agreement between Iran and the US speaks of the "detention" of 52 US "nationals." The use of the word "detention" just about concedes to the Iranians that the captivity was at worst a neutral act, perhaps even a legal one. The failure to state that these 52 "nationals" were in diplomatic service leaves unacknowledged Iran's flouting of the international system of discourse between nations.

It is the United States that does all the apologizing and all the compensating in this agreement, first by explicitly abjuring intervention in Iran's internal politics, and second by associating itself with Khomeini's effort to seize the Pahlavi fortune. Anyone reading this document in ignorance of events would have no doubt who had committed the wrong and who had caused the crisis. Clearly, the reader would think, the transgressor was the United States and the aggrieved party was Iran.

In contrast to the multiple undertakings and obligations of the US, there are none required of the Iranians. The document specifically precludes any indemnification to the US or its diplomats for injuries incurred on November 4, 1979, and since. Our embassy in Tehran is now theirs, uncompensated, just like the Israeli embassy, the first one to be seized by a mob—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but that embassy wisely emptied before the mob came, and its sacking was not protested by anyone, not even the US. The physical and psychological suffering of the hostages is only now being publicly revealed. But this unsurprising information does serve to recall and discredit the assurances from unctuous clerics like Bishop Hilaire Capucci and Reverend William Sloane Coffin, lemmings to the disaster, that the hostages were healthy and well. (The wife of former hostage Moorehead Kennedy was particularly vehement in reporting her husband's resentment of those televised spiritual exercises staged for the benefit of visiting divines.)

CAPRICIOUS DELAYS on the part of the Iranians at the end only increased the US humiliation. As a final gesture of insult, the Iranians forced the 52 to walk a gauntlet of abuse to reach the aircraft carrying them to freedom. In case we missed the point, Behzad Nabavi, Iran's chief negotiator, patiently explained that this was to rub American noses in the dirt.

Iran's contempt for the US can be seen even in the form of the document. It is not an agreement between two states, but two separate agreements with a third state. Thus Khomeini has distanced himself and his government from the Great Satan. Thus, also, he has restored Algeria, despite its alliance with Colonel Qaddafi, to more or less respectable status in the world of nations. Khomeini has good uses for such an emissary. But why are we fawning over the Algerians? Sayeth a State Department official: "superb . . . meticulous . . . impartial . . . painstaking . . . it can't help but have an important impact in this country with the public, the Congress, the new administration." The Algeria we so elevate is waging political warfare against our Egyptian friends and military warfare against our Moroccan friends. We could have insisted on a genuine neutral like Switzerland or Nigeria to play mediator, but President Carter was even willing to have Libya itself perform the function and to have his brother make the introductions. The Algerians are well practiced at giving refuge to terrorists and laundering the ransoms they bring. Ancillary services to terrorism are their *specialité*. This makes them a useful "honest broker" in a crisis, but each such use makes the next terrorist nightmare more likely.

One feature of the hostage agreement constitutes a specific encouragement to terror. Having coerced the US into helping grab the shah's riches, the Khomeini government now has a precedent which it can take to other countries where the Pahlavi wealth may be sequestered. The Tehran government also has a certifiably successful technique for eliciting cooperation from states inclined, as the US was, not to cooperate. What country will ponder the complex legal issues dispassionately when the Iranians arrive to pick up the shah's goods?

The *Wall Street Journal* within 24 hours urged that the US "renounce the deal" because it "has the same moral standing as an agreement made with a kidnapper, that is to say none at all." During the Carter administration, a publication with longer lead time could urge such a bold step without fear that it would be taken before the advice hit the streets. But it seems possible that the Reagan administration may actually take that course. We certainly endorse its intention to review all of the provisions of the accord before proceeding further on any one of them. Surely it remains in the sovereign power of the US to withhold critical commerce from Iran. Under no circumstances should we sell arms to the present regime. The war between Iran and Iraq is now harmless to outsiders, though there is great suffering among both populations. But an influx of weapons could embroil the rest of the region.

The predictable objections to renunciation have been heard from Jimmy Carter's aides, among others, with Lloyd Cutler invoking the predictable legal abracadabra. Carter officials in Germany to greet the returnees declared that President Reagan couldn't disregard the settlement without "breaching international principles." This is an impertinence from folks trying to put a good twist on a bad deal. The most telling objection to renunciation is thought to be that it will cast doubt on the trustworthiness of our word. That is precisely its appeal to us. We don't want terrorists to think they can trust our word. For this reason, the outgoing US ambassador to Algeria, Ulrich Haynes, who participated in the negotiations, thinks that "the precedent set is a very, very dangerous one." If we renounce this agreement, terrorists will understand that terror will win nothing from the US, which is to say that terror won't work. If we stick with this agreement, who knows when and where the terror will end?

IN COMMON LAW, an agreement entered into under duress is not valid. As in common law, so too in international law. Article 52 of the 1969 Vienna Convention, codifying the law of treaties, provides that an accord entered into under duress and threats to life is void and may be set aside. The International Court of Justice is the forum where it can be done in an orderly and lawful manner, respectful of precisely the norms that the Iranians disdain. That court already has declared that the holding of our diplomats was a violent and illegal act. The government of Iran has been in contempt of that court's unqualified order to free the hostages forthwith. The court in the Hague is just about the only part of the international system still relatively uncorrupted by the ideologies of rage. It is a good place for the Reagan administration to go to undo the validation of terror contained in the Algiers declarations.

In the meantime, there are a few lessons to learn that are different from the one enunciated by Jimmy Carter in his Wiesbaden homily. The first has been tacitly conceded by Iranian politicians: they released the prisoners in the very hour of Ronald Reagan's inauguration, because they were afraid of what he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might have done to Iran if the captivity had been continued. The credible threat to resist aggression is not to be underestimated as a tactic supportive of peaceful and just settlements of disputes between nations. If Jimmy Carter had not forsworn force, if Iran actually had been forced to contemplate bearing the brunt of US power, as clearly it began to do once Ronald Reagan was elected, 444 days might not have been stolen from these men and women. As it is, the release represents Reagan's first triumph.

Another lesson is that the UN is worse than valueless in settling international disputes. It is a desperate avowal of faith for the *Boston Globe* to propose that "The United Nations is the appropriate forum for full-scale review of the implications of Iran's acts against the US." Why is this so? When the full narrative is written, we suspect, the interventions of Dr. Waldheim with Iran will be seen as the panderings of a nervous yes-man which misled officials in Washington and prolonged the suffering of our hostages.

A most disturbing lesson of the final days of the crisis is to be learned from the attempt by the Soviet Union to derail the negotiations. Having itself called on Tehran to free the American hostages, the Soviet government ignored no opportunity to encourage Iranian truculence. Shortly before the accord was reached, the Soviets suggested aloud that, once the prisoners were free, the US would retaliate militarily against Iran. That was very provocative mischief. It was a bad, but hardly unexpected, augury of how the Russians like to push their luck. We believe it was also meant to test whether Ronald Reagan would be provoked. He should be. An apt response would be for Secretary of State Haig to summon Ambassador Dobrynin to the State Department, and tell him to go home with a message to his superiors that the Russians should look carefully through the windows of opportunity before they leap.

The Marie Antoinette inauguration.

Let Them Wear Adolfos

Once upon a time, the president gave a state dinner which featured, according to the menus handed out to the press, an elegant meal preceded by "vermouth cassis." The first lady scolded the White House staff. "What are the people in Plains going to think when they find out we're up here drinking vermouth cassis?"

But that was a long time ago in a galaxy far away. It certainly wasn't Washington during this past inauguration week, when the Reagan administration was born in an atmosphere that might be called "mass elitism." How else does one describe the scenes of Cadillac limousines jockeying three deep around the Capital Hilton like bumper cars at Coney Island (they had to import them by the dozens from New York and elsewhere); the "candlelight dinner" for 2,400 at the Kennedy Center—held in two shifts to accommodate the throngs clamoring to pay $500 each; the black tie inaugural gala that overflowed the local 20,000-seat basketball arena at $100 a head and more? The most celebrated dinner party among hundreds last week in Washington, hosted by C. Wyatt Dickerson (real estate speculator and associate of Korean foreign policy expert Tongsun Park), was so over-attended that the second-echelon socialites had to be shunted to a downtown disco to eat. The new administration already has its own semi-official type of mink ("lunaraine," a sort of chestnut brown), meat (veal), and dessert (something called Raspberry Bettina Florentine). None of the newcomers seemed to worry about the reaction of the people in Plains, or even of the people in the less prosperous quarters of Washington.

Among the nation's leading politicians of both parties, only one notorious extremist took public offense at all this. "When you've got to pay $2,000 for a limousine for four days, seven dollars to park, and $2.50 to check your coat, at a time when most people in this country just can't hack it, that's ostentatious," said Senator Barry Goldwater.

The Carters' "jes' folks" routine was arch and hypocritical, but last week's display of conspicuous consumption was enough to give hypocrisy renewed appeal. After all, hypocrisy is not only the tribute vice pays to virtue; in a democracy, it is the tribute financial privilege pays to political equality.

There is always a risk of fatuousness in criticizing conspicuous displays of wealth. The sight of limousines and minks multiplying in the streets like rabbits is viscerally repulsive, but does that make it wrong? Few of us are pure enough in our socialist faith, or selfless enough in our own lives, to take genuine offense at the mere fact of wealth. On the other hand, to object solely to the *display* puts you in the unattractive company of the very worst elitists: prune-faced aristocrats who drive battered Plymouths, dress their wives in old drapes, and cluck about the *nouveaux riches*.

The triumphant Republicans on parade last week would not be easy to shame. It wouldn't wash, for example, to point out smugly that the "punitive" tax rates apparently are not punitive enough to prevent Ronald Reagan's wife from spending more on a single handbag ($1,650) than several state governments believe is sufficient to feed a welfare family of four for a year. We now know, thanks to the supply-siders, that the prospect of such material rewards is the only thing that unleashes the productive efforts of our citizens. We also know, thanks to the neoconservatives, that the good liberals who run the Democratic state are themselves not immune to material rewards —although the "new class" prefers BMWs to Cadillacs.

And it would be a mistake to commit what might be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called the Hunter Thompson fallacy of taking simple cultural offense at how Republicans carry on. We should not condemn their behavior here last week as, say, "a bizarre honky bacchanalia where arteriosclerotic bankers and their dessicated, sexually repressed wives perform in a macabre death dance on the sinking ship of American Empire." Such a view would be condescending. Cocaine and sexual liberation didn't prevent the most recent Democratic administration from being a disaster. Martinis and a revival of the missionary position won't be what makes this one worse.

So is there any good, legitimate, effective reason for criticizing, condemning, loathing the peculiar culture that the Reagans seem to be bringing to Washington? Yes, there is.

To start with, the Reagan culture is undeniably, pervasively snobby. The offense isn't so much the fact that Nancy Reagan is eager to acquire a $25,000 inaugural wardrobe, including a $10,000 gown by Galanos (she called him "right after the election," according to the fashion pages), an Adolfo (base price, $1,500, but comes with a coat), and a Bill Blass ($2,500, assuming no cost overruns). The question is why? Is it because she really enjoys fine materials and original designs? (After all, "You cannot be half-dressed," as Estee Lauder herself said during a Sunday brunch at the Fairfax Hotel, attended by the likes of John Connally and Andy Warhol, and given by Earl Blackwell, head of something called the Celebrity Information Bureau.) Or does Nancy enjoy these clothes because they allow her to make a few distinctions between herself and her fellow Americans who must buy their Blasses off the rack?

The answer is important as a rough measure of how much—as evidenced by their personal lives—our new rulers would let the economic differences generated by a market economy taint a democratic instinct of the essential political equality of all men. Assuming (contrary to all available evidence) that great wealth is currently produced largely by some combination of talent and effort (as opposed to luck, inheritance, unnecessary hierarchies, and various forms of commercial behavior that can be classified as cheating), people who are motivated by the thought of owning $40,000 Porsches should be allowed to own them. Porsches are better cars than Pintos, just as, I presume, Adolfo's dresses are better than K-Mart's. But a sense of nose-thumbing above and beyond the call of extravagant consumption informs the breathless newspaper accounts of Nancy, Betsy Bloomingdale, and the rest of "the girls" who patronize the absurd salons of Rodeo Drive. When they approach a great rite of democracy like a presidential inauguration not as an occasion to cool their consuming ardor, but as a chance for new excesses of ostentation, the aroma of self-satisifed superiority becomes unmistakable. Last week's scenes looked more like an inauguration for the president of the country club than one for the president of the country. The day after the inauguration,

ordinary commercial flights at National Airport were delayed up to 50 minutes by the crush of private jets taking off.

The most important issue is complacency. The Reagan crowd's grotesque ostentation suggested a callous indifference to anybody else completely at odds with the usual inaugural symbolism of shouldering the burdens of government. Now, there's something to be said in favor of dignified self-assurance among the rich—the "I made it, it's mine" approach, as opposed to the guilt-laden confusion of, say, a Stewart Mott. But there's something to be said for a little guilt, too. It suggests a modest recognition that our society has not yet achieved that Lafferite equilibrium in which material reward corresponds perfectly to applied talent. A Holmes Tuttle can become a Republican fat cat by selling a lot of Fords to middle-income Americans, but a W. Clement Stone still can do it by selling them a lot of useless insurance for things like losing a leg on an airplane.

More important, guilt is the best available substitute for breaking the near-total insulation of the rich from the problems that afflict the rest of us. This isn't so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

important when the rich aren't running the government. But now they are. And in Washington last week, you got the strong sense that, despite all the talk of "economic emergency," there was no particular sense of urgency among the Reaganites. Who can blame them? When you help your wife adjust her mink, nod to the chauffeur, and settle in for a short limo ride to the next fresh oyster with your name on it, things seem pretty good just as they are.

Robert M. Kaus

Robert M. Kaus, a contributing editor of the *Washington Monthly*, is writing a book about the law and American society.

A tale of two speeches.

Carter, Ltd., Reagan, Inc.

For the most of us the royal road to the unconscious lies in dreams. For the politician it lies in speeches. Not just any speech, but one written in relative isolation after an election, and with an eye fixed on history. Last week we were treated to two such illuminated texts, both so profoundly (sometimes inadvertently) revealing that they can help explain why one speaker was giving his farewell and the other his inaugural address.

Jimmy Carter's farewell address, graceful and at times moving, was carefully designed to fit the farewell format. It was a final I-told-you-so meant for rereading in a decade, a justification of the past by appeal to the future, a litany of foreboding built of the ultimate farewell device—the warning. To Washington's "permanent alliances," to Eisenhower's "military-industrial complex," Carter was determined to add a list of scourges of his own: special interest factionalism, environmental pollution, and nuclear annihilation. (Johnny Carson said that it was the best speech Amy ever wrote.)

Carter's speech, intended for the future, revealed at last what for years we had been clamoring for—his vision of the present. And what he described was a world with walls: a political world constrained by the rise of special interests; a natural world limited, shrinking, and vulnerable; an international world of muscle-bound giants who must rein in their power or bring down upon themselves nuclear ruin.

Carter's chosen image of the world was the view from space, where earth, beautiful and whole, appears lonely and fragile and small. In contrast, Ronald Reagan's favorite image throughout the campaign was the "city on a hill": the Puritan vision of a pristine community, elevated, growing, and poised for conquest by example. Given the choice this election, Americans still preferred a world of expanding possibilities.

Reagan, in fact, deftly appropriated the traditional vision of the Democratic party. For a generation it stood for an expanding economy and an interventionist foreign policy. It thrived as the party of jobs, prosperity, and, above all, hope. It replaced one disappearing frontier with another, conjuring up an honor roll of national challenges in Europe, the third world, and outer space.

Four years ago Carter won not by championing these ideas, but by proclaiming goodness at a time of historically low self-esteem. In 1976 he merely ignored the Democratic credo. But in 1980, he contradicted it. He donned sackcloths as the prophet of limits, and delivered to Ronald Reagan, without a shot being fired, the constituency of hope that had sustained the Democratic party since 1932.

Mr. Carter came to limits from goodness by way of malaise. Four years ago he assured us and believed himself that all was possible because we were good. When three years of frustration followed, the preacher-president (at the urging of his own poll-taking soul-divining Rasputin, Pat Caddell) discerned our condition as the just deserts of moral failure, secularly manifested as malaise.

But campaigning against malaise is no way to enter an election year. And besides, few would believe for long that a sudden epidemic of crass materialism, sweeping in during the late 1970s, was behind the Chrysler bankruptcy, the Iranian crisis, the Afghan invasion, and the assorted woes that were besetting Carter's presidency. Carter needed to absolve the people without indicting himself, and for that he embraced the ideology of limits.

But in doing this, Carter forfeited the traditional Democratic claim on optimism. Carter's farewell described problems so global that an individual could do nothing to effect a solution. More importantly, neither could government—the traditional Democratic engine of improvement—because it had become paralyzed by complexity and subverted by special interests. In such a world, the rational man turns not to politics, but to prayer. The rational leader does not summon his people, he sermonizes them.

Reagan's inaugural address was a ringing affirmation of the opposite view. He rejected the dour vision of the steady-statists, those "tempted to believe that

Staff Addition

With this issue, Charles Krauthammer joins *The New Republic* as associate editor. Charles, a physician, has been chief psychiatric resident at Massachusetts General Hospital and a speechwriter for Vice President Mondale.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society has become too complex," those who tell us "to limit ourselves to small dreams," those "who believe in a fate that will fall on us no matter what we do." A neat row of straw men, all given substance by Carter in his farewell.

Mr. Reagan, quite consciously, offered little of substance. Flaubert once said that he wrote *Madame Bovary* in order to achieve a certain shade of gray. Ronald Reagan is a rhetorical virtuoso who knows that the purpose of political speeches is not to convey facts but to achieve a certain emotional tone. His press secretary accurately characterized the tone of the inaugural address as "can-do." Sammy Cahn summed it up musically in his inaugural theme as "thumbs up, America." The address itself radiated confidence and assurance. It reached into the Democratic lexicon and pulled out all the bywords of progressive politics: we can "dream heroic dreams," we can act decisively, we can solve our problems, we can progress.

The optimism may be Democratic, but the ideology underlying it is not. It is a strictly conservative, almost austere individualism that would be anathema to any New Dealer. It can be summed up in two sentences: government is the root of our ills; to cure them, we must restrain government and "unleash the individual genius of man." In an era of corporate giants, powerful unions, and oil cartels such free-market assumptions may seem implausible, even antique. But they are a coherent alternative for those who have given up on government and would prefer, in temporal matters, not to trust too much to God.

THERE IS one matter that Carter also is not prepared to leave to providence. In his farewell, he assigned one remaining unlimited mission to the US government—human rights. Few nations undertake the task of promoting their own values throughout the world. The only other country seriously engaged in the enterprise is the Soviet Union. But the Soviets use different tactics. They apply their universalist creed principally in those situations where they can ensure victory with overwhelming force, as in Czechoslovakia, Afghanistan, and Ethiopia. Under President Carter we cast a wider net, but mostly restricted ourselves to exhorting the fish to climb aboard. Carter's letter of support to Andrei Sakharov, for example, failed to intimidate the Soviet regime because it aroused expectations but was never backed up by action. In fact, it was repeatedly and humiliatingly repudiated by the Soviets. First they convicted Anatoly Scharansky on the eve of the SALT negotiations (which Carter and Vance refused to postpone in response), and then they sent Sakharov packing to Gorki, Carter's letter and best wishes in hand.

A human rights policy that is inapplicable to superpowers, to major powers (China), to middle powers (Poland), or even to third-rank sheikdoms (Saudi Arabia) is universal only in name. Its real application was to marginal, dependent, and generally pro-Western countries in Asia and Latin America. And even there, the shift in what the Soviets call "the balance of forces" restricted our reach. (Witness our inactivity in Korea and our three-week embargo of El Salvador.)

Human rights is a worthy goal, and in the best tradition of Democratic internationalism from FDR to John Kennedy. Kennedy called it "assuring the survival and success of liberty." Today that expression seems quaintly cold-warriorlike. But Carter's human rights campaign, more even-handed and wider in scope, is its direct descendant. The trouble is that after Vietnam we are no longer prepared to "bear any burden." Carter was left with the old universalist religion, but no longer had at his command either the will or the power to do more than preach from abroad and proselytize the weak.

Reagan's inaugural address picked up the old universalist Democratic themes and promised to provide the necessary underpinnings: power ("We will maintain sufficient strength to prevail"), action ("When action is required we will act"), and will ("Above all we must realize that no weapon in the arsenals of the world is so formidable as the will and moral courage of free men and women").

On whom will we bring our power and will to bear? On "the enemies of freedom . . . those who practice terrorism and prey on their neighbors." A narrower reach, perhaps, than Carter's (will it include, say, Argentina and Chile?), but wide enough even for most Democrats. But it was the promise to act with resolve ("We will negotiate for it [peace], sacrifice for it; we will not surrender for it") that electrified the inaugural crowd, as it had persuaded many voters who were desperate for assurances that there would be no more Irans.

When Secretary Muskie was asked a few weeks ago about his hopes for a breakthrough on the hostages, he replied: "I long ago dismissed hope as a useful emotion." Ronald Reagan showed that in an election, hope can be a useful emotion indeed. And it is built out of traditional Democratic values like growth and progress and strength. When Reagan began his campaign by quoting FDR, it seemed like the quadrennial minority raid on the constituency of the majority. He was speaking the language of Democrats, but with an accent. He succeeded because his opponent was speaking another language altogether. Carter's vision of a world of intractable complexity and limited power may indeed be a reflection of the world as it is. It may even be the only foundation for a rational politics. But it was out of tune with what Americans felt to be true and what they believed to be possible.

Ronald Reagan, ex-Democrat, told us to "dream heroic dreams" and promised to provide the strength to back them. He was rewarded with an inauguration. Jimmy Carter warned us of global nightmares. He was allowed only a final brief for historians.

Charles Krauthammer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here we go again.

Search for Subversion

There is a whiff of McCarthyism in the air, and the smell is getting stronger by the day. Elements of the political right—and not just the kooks, either—are seemingly not content to have thrashed liberals at the polls or to have trounced the left (temporarily, at least) in the marketplace of ideas. They are returning to the dismal old practice of alleging that the opposition acts not out of honest error, but out of disloyalty to the country. Has American influence in the world declined in recent years? Has the Soviet Union built up its military power to equal and sometimes surpass that of the United States? Is revolution spreading in Latin America? According to some on the right, all this has not happened by accident, by the play of historical forces, or even because of post-Vietnam exhaustion and a failure of American will. No, it's because the American press is infiltrated by Russian agents who "disinform" the public, spread communist propaganda, and "spike" (that is, kill) stories warning of the Soviet threat.

US failure to match the Soviet build-up, according to the right, stems partly from consistent underestimation of Soviet activity by the CIA. And that, in turn, is not just the result of bad analysis, but because the agency is infested (possibly at the highest level) by Soviet spies, or "moles," in the currently popular slang. In fact, not only is the CIA infested, but also the highest levels of the US government. According to rightist diatribes, Soviet "agents of influence" may include Henry Kissinger and the number-two man on Jimmy Carter's national security council staff.

And, in the best-developed conspiracy theory of all, President Carter's Latin American policy was not the result of naiveté or excessive devotion to human rights considerations. Rather, according to some on the right, Somoza fell to the Sandinistas and Castroism is running free in Central America because US policy was concocted at the Institute for Policy Studies, which is not only a left-wing think tank, but a communist front.

What should America do? According to the right-wing Heritage Foundation and some hard-line Republican senators, US counterintelligence ability needs to be vastly upgraded. The FBI needs to be free to tap, follow, and burgle whomever it wants, not burdened by any rule that it must show grounds to suspect criminality. There needs to be a centralized federal subversive file. And Congress needs to reestablish its old internal security committees, even though it now has standing intelligence committees that it never had in the old days. In fact, no sooner had Strom Thurmond become chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee than he created a subcommittee on security and terrorism. The chairman of that panel, Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama, promises that it won't indulge in "witch-hunts," but that's a term in need of definition. I'd guess that Denton will be under immediate pressure to start probing the Institute for Policy Studies, rather than the Ku Klux Klan.

Where does President Reagan stand on all this? He certainly seems a moderate enough fellow, and he has not surrounded himself with incendiary conservatives. But a Scripps-Howard reporter, Dale McFeatters, has dug up this 1977 Reagan quotation, which is not reassuring: "We need a public demand for the reinstatement of a committee such as the onetime House committee to investigate un-American activities. A domestic assault on communism today would be premature. We need the factual evidence a congressional investigation would provide."

The raw meat for congressional "investigation" is available in a large and expanding body of literature on the right, some of it appearing lately in respectable journals. But the most drawn-out version, appropriately, is in a piece of trashy fiction called *The Spike*, written by Arnaud de Borchgrave, formerly of *Newsweek*, and Robert Moss, a columnist for the *London Daily Telegraph*. The book's jacket terms it "a work of fiction that exposes what may be going on behind closed doors in the White House, Western newsrooms and at 2 Dzherzhinsky Square, the headquarters of the KGB." What the authors hint is going on is almost everything right-wing mole maniacs have been alleging: the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other major organs of the American press are crawling with Soviet "agents of influence"—witting and unwitting—who distort the news to indict US intelligence and the Pentagon and underplay the Soviet threat. The director of Central Intelligence is a Soviet spy who is dogged and eventually undone by the agency's counter-intelligence chief. This part is a fictional rerun of the wars between William Colby, former CIA director, and his arch-enemy, James Angleton. Other conscious Soviet agents in the book include the deputy director of the National Security Council staff, which parallels rightist accusations against Carter's man, David Aaron, once a Senate aide of Walter Mondale. In *The Spike*, the American vice president is a dupe. In real life, no one has produced the slightest shred of evidence that David Aaron is anything but a liberal—and one who, in fact, moved rightward during his White House exposure to world realities.

Another set of serious allegations are nonfiction assertions of Soviet penetration of the CIA. In his book, *Legend*, for example, Edward J. Epstein argues that Lee Harvey Oswald was a Soviet agent, but that proof was covered up because of clever Soviet planting of "disinformation" supplied by phony defectors and because of the presence, high in the CIA, of a Soviet "mole." No one is named, but James Angleton's charges against Colby—all unproved—have been so widely repeated that Colby has been led to deny them publicly. In the dizzy world of former spies and counter-spies, each man has defenders who cite evi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dence supposedly supplied by KGB defectors. One former CIA man suggested to me in an interview last week that one such defector had even fingered Kissinger as having been an agent ever since his days as an Army sergeant after World War II.

Kissinger long has been a favorite target of the Reagan right, having been author of the detente policy with the Soviet Union and the lead negotiator of SALT treaties. The right also has long accused Kissinger of concealing data showing that the Soviets cheated on SALT. But some right-wingers have gone beyond claiming Kissinger did this to protect detente. "I can easily believe that Kissinger is a Soviet agent-of-influence," one former Republican Senate aide said last week.

In an article written last year by right-wing New Hampshire Republican senator Gordon Humphrey, it is noted that in 1975 the Soviet Union asserted that some of its concealment practices would not interfere with US ability to monitor SALT by satellite. "How they could have known or argued such a position remains an unexplained mystery," Humphrey wrote. "Could they have penetrated US intelligence with 'moles'?"

Obviously the Soviet Union *would* plant moles if it could. It has done so at high levels in other countries, and lately it has done so at low levels in this country, as recent espionage trials attest. A good case can be made that CIA security procedures are lax and that its intelligence-estimating ability is weak. But all that argues for strengthening the agency internally and for more effective oversight by the Senate and House intelligence committees. No one has produced anything but unsupported allegations that high-ranking officials are secret Soviet "moles." In the absence of any proof, right-wing finger-pointing at officials whose policies they dislike is likely to undermine public confidence in political leaders, which doesn't do a thing for national strength and unity. If I were the head of the KGB, in fact, I'd be inclined to plant a mole squarely in a right-wing senator's office, just to sow discord among the American people.

IT'S DOUBTFUL that the right will ever go witch-hunting after Henry Kissinger in any serious way. If neo-McCarthyism goes that far, nobody will be safe from the loyalty police. But a more vulnerable target is the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, a center for "alternative," "progressive," and new left ideas and organizing for the past 17 years. IPS has been a target of the radical right from the beginning—chiefly of Representative Larry McDonald of Georgia, a board member of the John Birch Society. Lately, attacks on IPS have come from more respectable sources, including *National Review*, *Midstream*, and *Washington Quarterly*.

In *The Spike*, IPS is in thin disguise as the "Institute for Progressive Reform," which the book describes as "the controlling center for a network of Soviet agents of influence who fanned out into Congress, the media, the academic world and even the White House." In *Midstream*, published by the Theodor Herzl Foundation, Rael Jean Isaac claims IPS "can fairly be described as an enormous intelligence operation practicing both covert action and subversion." Isaac proves nothing of the kind and certainly doesn't try to in any way that can be called fair. Her research seems to have come mainly from a publication called *Information Digest*, published by John Rees, an associate of Congressman McDonald. Nevertheless, the article has been reprinted widely, even by establishment publications such as *Barron's* and groups such as the National Committee on American Foreign Policy, which listed Hans Morgenthau as its chairman. Shortly before his death, Morgenthau quit the committee briefly in protest, charging it had participated in "a slanderous attempt to smear a perfectly respectable, however minority, point of view." Meanwhile, an article in *National Review* characterized IPS as "the perfect intellectual front for Soviet activities which would be resisted if they were to originate openly from the KGB." The *Heritage Foundation* lists IPS, along with "anti-defense and anti-nuclear lobbies," as organizations in need of investigation by a revived internal security apparatus.

THERE IS much about IPS's world view and the activities and sympathies of some of its associates that is foolish, erroneous, even contemptible. A major source of its funds, for example, is the Samuel Rubin Foundation, whose president, Peter Weiss, is married to Cora Weiss (Samuel Rubin's daughter), who ran a group deeply sympathetic to North Vietnam's cause in the Indochina war. One of IPS's founders, Marcus Raskin, served on the board of *Counterspy*, a publication whose purpose was to name CIA agents and undermine the agency's effectiveness. When Britain expelled the world's foremost agent-namer, Philip Agee, the IPS's Transnational Institute in Amsterdam gave him a haven for a month. I would have let him catch pneumonia in the street.

IPS scholars, while a disparate and independent lot, tend to have sympathy for third world "liberation" movements. Some have warm attitudes about Castro's Cuba, the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, and the Palestine Liberation Organization. The IPS consensus is strongly against US military intervention abroad, against right-wing dictators (though not left-wing ones), and against large corporations, especially multinationals. It tends to take the revisionist line about the origins of the cold war and the nuclear arms race, blaming the US as much as the Soviet Union.

In other words, IPS is a left-wing organization, which is what it claims to be. But that does not make it a KGB front. And, with an annual budget of just one million dollars (versus five million for the Heritage Foundation and $10 million for the American Enterprise Institute), IPS scarcely constitutes a threat to national security. During the Nixon years, in fact, the FBI and CIA launched major investigations of IPS,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looking for evidence of connections to the Weather Underground and North Vietnam. In a lawsuit, the FBI admitted it had found no evidence of criminal activity and was ordered to seal IPS's file.

To the extent that it makes contact with third world revolutionaries and makes their ideas available to the US press, the government, and the public, IPS actually ought to be considered a valued national resource. The nation suffered in the 1940s and 1950s when the right wing silenced Asia experts who urged accommodation with the Chinese Communists. Had these experts been listened to instead of pilloried, the US might have avoided the Vietnam War (which we entered out of fear of Chinese expansionism) and might have hastened the Sino-Soviet split.

ANOTHER right-wing propaganda effort under way these days is intended to discredit advocates of a noninterventionist US policy in Latin America. According to Lyndon LaRouche's US Labor party, various right-wing columnists, and the national commander of the American Legion, Jimmy Carter's policies on Latin America—his attempted rapprochement with Cuba, the Panama Canal treaties, human rights campaigns against Argentina and Bolivia, and withdrawal of support from Somoza—were written at the Institute for Policy Studies. And IPS, of course, was fronting for Havana and Moscow.

This campaign has been abetted even by the prestigious Center for Strategic and International Studies of Georgetown University. The Autumn 1980 issue of the Center's publication, *Washington Quarterly*, contains a lead article called "Castro's Specter," alleging that "Jimmy Carter's foreign policy in Central America and the Caribbean had been put together over a period of time by individuals who have rejected traditional foreign policy concepts and formulated a foreign policy that has provided leftist-oriented movements, homegrown and Cuban supported, with opportunities for advancement unprecedented since World War II."

The article, by Roger Fontaine, Cleto DiGiovanni Jr., and Alexander Kruger, alleges that Carter policy was heavily influenced by IPS, which in turn was influenced by Orlando Letelier, a Chilean Socialist, ambassador, and minister under President Salvador Allende. Letelier was imprisoned by the Chilean junta that overthrew Allende. After his release, he worked at IPS until he was assassinated by Chilean agents on a Washington street in September 1976. And Letelier, the article suggests (as do most right-wing attacks on IPS), was a paid agent of Cuban intelligence.

The evidence for this is the contents of Letelier's briefcase at the time of his death—especially a letter from Havana written by Beatriz Allende, daughter of Salvador and wife of a Cuban diplomat (or intelligence official), advising Letelier he would receive $1,000 per month from the Chilean Socialist party, of which Beatriz Allende was treasurer. The *Washington Quarterly* article says,

> Letelier may have been involved with pro-Communist, anti-Chilean government propagandizing and lobbying in the United States and abroad while associated with the IPS solely on behalf of Allende exile groups in Cuba and elsewhere. There is no available proof that [Letelier] was under the direction of the Cuban government and its intelligence service or that he was directly receiving funds from them. However, it is simply not in the nature of the Cuban intelligence service to overlook the types of opportunities presented to it by Letelier, particularly in view of his contacts in Washington. He would have been a useful 'agent of influence.'

The article also said:

> there is also no proof or even indication that the IPS . . . was aware of Letelier's Cuban contacts. There are indications, however, that at least some of the working group members, like Letelier, were strongly and actively committed to advancing leftist causes.

And also:

> However noble or naive these [IPS] policy recommendations were, it would be difficult to argue that the Soviets and Cubans would not find some of them parallel to their own interests. Although the latter may well choose to let events take their own course, in the case of IPS's Latin American policy recommendations there are suggestions that the Soviets and the Cubans have had the opportunity to exert influence.

It's impossible to prove that Letelier was not a Cuban agent, but the US attorney who investigated his assassination said in court that the FBI had found no evidence that he was. IPS officials claim that after Allende's overthrow, extensive fundraising was carried out for the Chilean Socialist party in Western Europe and funneled back to Beatriz Allende in Havana. So the money Letelier got need not have been Cuban. In any event, $12,000 per year does not buy a lot of subversion. There is no evidence that IPS officials were aware of Allende's Cuban connections, but they all were aware of his socialist and anti-junta activities, which he undertook openly. According to IPS officials, though, Letelier had little or nothing to do with IPS's report on Latin America. According to former administration officials, the IPS study had little influence on Carter's Latin policy, even though some of the ideas were similar and even though some Carter officials attended IPS discussion group meetings.

The last thing the United States needs is a new round of McCarthyism. It does need a stronger defense, better intelligence gathering, and even safeguards against Soviet espionage. The conservatives have won the argument on those points, and thanks to them for it. But a free society stays free by having debate continue, and there are many points still unresolved. We cannot have a free debate if the right wing tries to discredit its opposition with charges of disloyalty, as is now happening again.

Morton Kondracke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Fool and His Money

Letter Bugs

A couple of weeks ago Joe Granville got that 15 minutes of celebrityhood Andy Warhol vouchsafed for each and every one of us in a time when fame, like many another product, comes with built-in obsolescence. Mr. Granville, you will recollect, was the gentleman credited and/or blamed for precipitating a one-day drop in the stock market which ended with a $40-billion evaporation in values.

Rises and falls in the market have been attributed to everything from bad weather to boredom, so why not to a stock market advisory service? Granville publishes a weekly letter giving his expert opinion on what to buy and sell for a subscription price of $250 a year. (High, but not the highest that these services sell for.) For extra money, you can be the beneficiary of Joe's flash alert service which will phone you with the newest poop that came in too late to make the newsletter. It was the 3,000 people who pay for Joe's hot flashes who were awakened and told to sell every stock they owned the moment the market opened. They did, and apparently their friends or others who heard about the Granville signal did the same, with the result that Wall Street did one of its larger downward hiccups.

People might have been unloading stock for other reasons that day. With interest rates dancing up above the 20 percent figure, some investors may have decided to cash in their stocks to put their money in certificates of deposit or money market funds to fatten up on the Schaefer City interest rates. Nevertheless, Granville's customers must think they got their money's worth. So how good are these investment letters anyhow?

A hypothetical person with a hypothetical 10 grand would have made slightly less than two percent on his money if he had followed Granville's advice for the last six months of 1980. If the same person had invested the same amount of money in a mutual fund that buys a sample of all the stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, according to a mathematical formula for across-the-board balance, our imaginary investor would have come out more than 18 percent ahead.

This calculation comes from another newsletter, the *Hulbert Financial Digest*, which is a newsletter reporting on the major newsletters. To subscribe to the 24 letters that Hulbert tracks would cost you almost $5,000. Unless your profits from investment were enormous, the cost would stop you even though they are a tax deductible business expense. For $135 a year, Hulbert gives you the gist of what the most famous and widely read letters are saying and lets you compare the profitability of their advice. His is no substitute for the letters themselves, however, because he can give you only a general idea of what they are saying—and that some weeks after they've said it. People who need the info fast and fresh, in order to pounce on the main chance, will still have to come up with the scratch for the subscription.

What Hulbert's letter can do is to help you decide which service to buy. In the past six months, far and away and away the best advice was being sold by *Value Line OTC Special Situations Survey*, at $250 a year. A person who had taken the same $10,000 and done as *Value Line* suggested would have made a profit of almost 58 percent in six months. But OTC means over the counter stocks, that is, stocks of small, often high-risk, and certainly not well-known firms. No matter how good *Value Line* is, you may not want to gamble with the money in Mama's sugar bowl like that.

The letter with the worst record for the same period was *Harry Browne Special Reports* at $195 per annum. You'd only have $7,799 left from your 10 very big ones if you had done as Browne suggested. Nevertheless, 'twas Browne who was one of the first to predict the great run-up in gold prices a few years ago, so there have been times when listening to this gentleman might have made you very, very rich.

Investment advisers, like jockeys, get on hot streaks. A service such as Hulbert's can show you when one of these guys is in the winning mode, as they might say over at NASA headquarters (where the losers are coming faster than the winners these days). What Hulbert can't do is give you a clue to when a guy who's been hot is about to go cold.

The first half of last year, you'd have done nothing but make money by following Howard Ruff's advice. In his *Ruff Times* newsletter ($145 a year), he told people to buy bonds. That was the bottom of the bond market. People who bought saw the prices climb and their fortunes made. But after July it was rough for Ruff. His advice would have cost you a loss of about six percent on that $10,000 grub stake.

Analysts, almost no two of whom share the same methodology, have prolix explanations for their predictions which are as complicated as they are contradictory. Since, at one time or another, they are each right and each wrong, no satisfactory empirical tests exist to select the most prescient.

Most of the people in the business look to find what you might call a syndrome of clues, a set of statistical occurrences that precede the market going up or down. When they get a good match, they get hot and their subscribers get good predictions. Then conditions change, one season gives way to another, and the clues, the signs the analyst has been using, go bad on him. Something of the same thing happens when he's read the world right and he understands the meaning of every moss pattern on every tree in the financial thicket. Then his knowledge sours. Soon he's broke and reduced to getting advice from the Fool.

Market letters are of little help to the small investor, the person with a modest sum to be protected and gradually increased against a rainy day or retirement. You would have to buy and sell stocks at a rapid rate to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nick's Picks . . . Bart's Charts

First the good news: we sold our hypothetical pork bellies futures contracts for $214,682. After paying the broker's fee of $3,840, this meant a profit of almost $115,000 on our original investment of $96,000. Now the bad news. One month ago our pork holdings were worth over $530,000, and just two months ago they were worth more than $660,000. Most commodity prices plummeted in December as interest rates were climbing to record highs. Why didn't we sell sooner? Because to keep this hypothetical exercise honest, investments can be sold only at the beginning of each new round—with one exception.

The exception involves yet more bad news, as disaster finally struck our live cattle futures. We bought these contracts on margin, paying only $1,700 for each contract worth over $29,000, with our broker lending us the balance. We knew that if the contracts—each one for 40,000 pounds—declined three cents a pound, about 75 percent of our equity, the broker would require more money from us or else he would sell the contracts to recover his own investment. Our cattle flirted with this three-cent limit repeatedly and finally, on December 11, they fell below the limit and we were faced with the choice of putting more money in a plummeting commodity or selling out. Our choice was liquidation, leaving us with $21,170 after paying the broker's fee. Still, our record in commodity futures isn't too bad: we invested a total of $194,600 in pork and cattle, and realized $232,012, for a gain of 19 percent in 30 weeks. Elsewhere in our fund, the only bright spots this month were Nucor and Dreyfus Liquid Assets. Dreyfus, which just one month ago was averaging 12.4 percent interest, averaged a yield of 16.2 percent over the last 30 days, and climbed to almost 17 percent by the last week. This finally should be leveling off. With the interest we collected, plus the proceeds from our sale of pigs and cows, we have $373,489 in cash to begin round seven.

For this month's selection, we replace our holdings in livestock by investing in poultry. We will buy 95 fresh broilers futures contracts for December, on margin, for $1,000 each. Each contract is for 30,000 pounds. At today's going rate of 52.2 cents per pound, that's $15,660 for each contract. Once again, if we lose 75 percent of our equity, or 2.5 cents a pound, our broker will require us to come up with more money or liquidate.

After 30 weeks our portfolio looks like this:

	December 8	January 20
93 Beatrice Foods bonds	$ 79,980	$ 77,423
64 pork bellies futures on margin	530,112	
156 Chrysler Financial Corp. bonds	86,385	78,195
140 Resorts International bonds	91,000	87,500
58 live cattle futures on margin	81,896	
11,250 shares MONY Mortgage	84,375	88,594
1,640 shares Nucor	102,910	120,335
11,778 shares Templeton Growth Fund	86,804	89,631
2,250 shares Gulf Oil	99,563	90,563
95 fresh broiler futures on margin		95,000
Dreyfus Liquid Assets	138,557	278,489
TOTAL	$1,381,592	$1,005,730

The score so far (since June 20, 1980):

Consumer Price Index (estimated)	+ 5.3 percent
Dow Jones Industrial Average	+ 8.8 percent
TNR's Fool Fund	+ 0.6 percent

Bart Rubenstein

Bart Rubenstein is vice president of finance and administration of the Media Commentary Council, Inc.

follow the advice proffered by the letters. But each one of these buy or sell orders comes with a broker's commission which eats into the profits. A better bet for the non-full-time trader is to put himself into the hands of an investment counselor or adviser.

But you must find a good one. Computer Directions Advisers, Inc., recently published a study comparing the performance of those chaps over a two-year period. They all made money, but some made a whole bunch more than others. At the top was the Capital Group, which increased the value of investments it managed by 145 percent. At the bottom was Fahnstock & Company, which chugged in with a mere 95 percent increase in its portfolio.

For those who like to pick their own places to put their money, your Fool has some suggestions. May your money take wing and soar with a bird that can't fly, the chicken. Broilers are a nice speculation, even though Colonel Harland Sanders is no longer alive and clucking. What with the price of meat and the growing antipathy to cholesterol, Americans are eating as many chickens as the hens can hatch.

For those who fear that a fool's chicken is a wise man's turkey, we have other suggestions, such as the Tosco Corporation. This oil refiner pays no dividends and will be getting a belt in the teeth when price controls on oil end. Under the present regulations, small refiners like Tosco get a subsidy from the government because they must buy more expensive, uncontrolled foreign crude. But Tosco appears to be well managed and far-seeing. It adapted its refineries for sludgy, high-sulfur oil, the kind that is available most cheaply but which many independents are not equipped to turn into gasoline. Tosco is also up to its bellybutton in the shale oil business, and is supposed to have perfected a commercially feasible process to render shale into usable oil. This may require demolishing the Rocky Mountains, but if you're not a skier, do you really care? Anyhow, on your profits you can go to Switzerland for your edelweiss. But do remember this is a long-term speculation and probably not worth it if you pay much more than $23 or $24 a share.

For people who don't merely want to celebrate Ronald Reagan's ascension to the chairmanship of America, Inc., but also want to cash in on it, your Fool suggests Moog, Inc. Moog makes very hotsy-totsy valves for projects like the space shuttle, the B-1 bomber, and the MX missile. It's a good stock for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberals. In addition to the satisfaction of seeing the MX wreck Utah and Nevada where all those anti-ERA Mormons and pro-bomb patriots live, you can make a buck by destroying their environment and spend the money on the new, gold label, vintage no-cal drink the Perrier people are coming out with.

Another good bet is Dollar General. The name is as appealing as Moog, but the business is more respectable. Dollar General runs about 700 rural discount stores. Rural populations are growing and people who know how to run stores in these regions will be making money. That is not Sears or J.C. Penney or Montgomery Ward, outfits that have lost the knack. Part of Dollar General's knack is short-term leases and low-cost fixtures so they're not stuck with money-losing stinkers that can't be closed, as many chains are.

May the good Lord bless you and fill your pockets with gold.

Nicholas von Hoffman

Nicholas von Hoffman is a syndicated columnist.

Liberals have abandoned them and conservatives have the wrong ones.

Who Speaks for Values?

by Henry Fairlie

The vitality of the conservatives in the November elections owed a lot to the strength of their feelings on moral and cultural questions. Their own feelings only reflected a wider public concern over the absence of any firm values in the society. All that is represented by flag and family and God is felt to be in danger. The conservatives won on these issues because they believed something at least; the liberals lost on them because they appeared to believe little or nothing. The success of the conservative challenge was made easier by the liberal ambivalence. The concern was general. But the debate, in the end, was futile. The conservatives wanted a return to the "old values"; the liberals had failed to propose any "new values." Since it is false to try to recover the old values, as if nothing has happened, and since no new values have been created that are able to command our fidelity, the election was fought not on a battlefield but on a wasteland.

Those who call themselves conservatives today are not persuasive. Even when their instinct is correct—conservatives are naturally sensitive to where change is occurring—their sense of direction is unreliable. They often sense what is wrong, but they do not sense how to make things right. It is right for conservatives to look back for inspiration, but they should not look to the past with the hope of recovering it. The present Lord Hailsham wrote in the excellent opening chapter of his book on conservatism in 1945 that it is the function of conservatives to extract the truth in each succeeding heresy. This is very different from simply appealing to the old values today in order to resist what conveniently may be called the current heresy of permissiveness.

But it is the liberals who have been taught a lesson, although that does not mean, as with generals and schoolchildren, that they will now be ready and able to learn that lesson. For years liberals have been warned that they were trampling on the decent feelings of most ordinary people. But they casually have gone on with their effrontery, and they now have reaped their predictable reward. Will they learn even now?

A friend who worked for George McGovern in South Dakota this year told me there was a single moment when McGovern realized that he had lost. He was canvassing one afternoon in a supermarket, and asked two elderly women if they would vote for him. They said no. He asked them why not. They answered: "You are wrong on the issues." A few minutes later, McGovern saw the two women at the checkout counter. They were paying for their groceries with food stamps. "At that moment, I knew I was defeated." But does he know why?

Six weeks after the election, McGovern was on television for an hour. He was as civilly and imperturbably self-righteous as McGovern can be. Because of his stand on abortion, he had been accused by his opponents, he said, of not being a family man, when he has four grandsons whom he loves. But his four grandsons, however much he loves them, are not the point. They are not the reassurance people seek from him. He could have eight grandsons and love them all with an equal quota of affection, and he still would not be seen by the electors as a trusty defender of their idea of the family. Even after his defeat, he was still disdainful of the voters' misgivings. They were wrong, patently they were wrong; he was right, patently he was right. For that superciliousness, the two women deserted.

It is not as if the liberals have never heard this lesson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before. Their debacle this year has long been foreseeable, as I may show even by retracing some of my own footsteps. During the election of 1976, I wrote an article for this journal. The liberals already were on the run. Even Morris Udall was trying to discard the label in his campaign for the presidential nomination. I wrote both in praise and in criticism of the American liberal. I imagined two of them, Ruth and David, and I wrote then:

> In their own lives, they are the preservers and guardians of values. Yet again and again in their public concerns they seem to be tolerant of a social environment that must erode them. . . . There is a profound elitism in this: let the traditional values of everyone else go to pot—almost literally—but they will maintain those values for themselves and their children.

I turned from them to McGovern in 1972:

> Just as few people are more quintessentially the American liberal than George McGovern, so few are more quintessentially the representatives of traditional values than he. Yet in the popular mind, and not without some justice, the campaign of McGovern was associated with social attitudes that seemed to be destructive of those values.

The liberals had it coming to them. If they now make no effort to curb their provocations, more of them will be dismissed from public service in the midterm elections. James Q. Wilson complained back in the late 1960s that parents who wished to take their children to the movies would turn to the entertainment pages and find that there were no movies to which parents would take a child. At about the same time, Melvin Lasky, the editor of *Encounter*, said to me that one needed a gas mask to enter a bookshop. This was the society the liberals had wrought.

LIBERALS HAVE not really intended such results. They have not set out to assault flag and family and God. They simply have abandoned these things. They have done so because they have ultimately drained the concepts of freedom and equality and justice of all meaning. These three pillars of the liberal position have been wrenched from their foundations. In their place has been set up a concept of "rights" which has neither philosophical nor moral justification, and which already has been shown to have only an erratic political or social application. Liberals have perverted every good truth they have held in their trust into a trivial rhetorical posture. They have all but stripped society of any redeeming social value. They have left themselves with barely an argument to defend the decencies of which they were once the jealous guardians. By disinheriting themselves of their past, they have made themselves a scandal in the present, and have placed their future in jeopardy.

They have allowed their championship of civil rights to be corrupted into an acquiescence in the frivolous claims of any group to whatever it wants. They have abetted the perversion of the First Amendment until it is used to protect the peddlers of filth. They have translated their compassion for the criminal into a casual and contemptuous neglect of the victim and the law-abiding. By a similar neglect, they have turned the modestly secure into disheartened rivals of the poor. They have so vindicated and encouraged the self-seeking of any minority that they have overridden the right to self-preservation of the majority. They have made it hard for ordinary people to sustain a reasonable and decent care for the less advantaged without at the same time feeling that they will be made fools of for their pains. They have so taken advantage of the good feelings of the majority that they have goaded that majority into a narrow self-concern.

The liberals need to rethink their most fundamental positions. They cannot be satisfied with sentiment. They must be hard-headed about liberty and equality and justice, just as they need to be more generous to flag and family and God. They must allow some command to the intellect, of which they used to be the most zealous guardians. The abject retreat of university presidents and deans and faculties before their students in the 1960s and early 1970s was not just a display of cowardice and loss of nerve. It was a yielding of one of the citadels of the intellect to ignorance and unreason and slackness. It was also the capitulation, in the name of liberalism, of one of the fortresses of liberalism. It was liberals who had fought for the education of the people. All at once they abandoned this ideal, patted the children on their heads, and sent them off to drop acid and pick daisies. The effects still run through every level of education: teachers and even professors who chant to their classes: "I want to hold your hand . . . I want to hold your hand." Why not just switch to the early Beatles, angels of adolescence, those choirboys of mindless hymns, and follow John Lennon to the high achievement of bread-making? The main indications of intellectual activity at Yale under the liberal regime of Kingman Brewster were *The Greening of America* and *Love Story*.

But what is most melancholy in our situation is that the betrayal of the intellect by the liberals only underlines the failure of the challenge from the conservatives. In spite of all the efforts to reinvigorate it, conservatism has turned out to be so intellectually infertile in the modern age that it has been driven to false recourses, to mere prescriptions of morality.

The greatest conservative philosopher of our time has urged conservatives to have no truck with prescriptions and recipes and manuals. To prescribe morals is not so much to put the cart before the horse as to look at things through the wrong end of a telescope. There is never a persuasive morality unless it is invested with intellectual force. Morality is the creation of the mind and not of feeling. It does not have its source in good feeling; it is the appeal of the intellect to good feeling. Try as they have for a century or so, the conservatives have found no intellectual ground for their moral persuasions, and so they can only utter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incantations to old values. Never have they found one idea with which to resist the encroachments they deplore. Their morality is now limited to the weekly homilies of Mobil and, even sadder, the mutterings of neoconservatives which are simply more versed renderings of Jerry Falwell's blather.

An advance in moral awareness is always preceded by an eruption of intellectual vitality. Moral decadence is the camp follower of intellectual decline. People behave better when the society thinks better. Morality is first in the care of teachers and not of preachers. Moral permissiveness is bred of intellectual lenience. The conservatives have not filled the intellectual vacuum left by the liberals. The political landscape in our democracies is bare of intellectual vitality. The high ground is empty. The conservatives, after years of preparation, have not taken it. The intellectual exploration in which some conservatives have been engaged unremittingly for the past few decades has come to an end even as they take power. The very paucity of ideas which the new administration is carrying into office, and the threadbare rags of a conservative philosophy in which it is clothed, suggest that conservatism has won its precarious and uneasy victory at the moment of its intellectual exhaustion. One gazes on American conservatism now with disbelief. So skimpy a fig leaf!

JUST CONSIDER, for example, Irving Kristol's refusal to give more than "two cheers for capitalism." In using this as the title of his valuable collection of essays, Kristol is expressing more than his disinclination to give three cheers for anything. As one of the first neoconservatives to switch openly in his no-nonsense way to the Republican party, Kristol is radically disturbed by the failure of capitalism to provide a moral order in society. He knows that it is in the nature of capitalism to prick the appetites that lead people to claim license rather than liberty. He does not shirk the fact that capitalism is a destroyer of privilege, and provides no alternative seat of moral and intellectual authority. The famous title of his essay on the predicament of those who defend capitalism—"When Virtue Loses All Her Loveliness"—reflects how acutely he aches at the dilemma he finds himself in.

Yet in the end Kristol does shirk his own conclusions, so that his conservatism is almost a cry of despair. He finds it hard to acknowledge that the state capitalism—the support of the market and private enterprise by government intervention and funding—which he deplores is the natural development of capitalism in our time. In the same way, he cannot quite bring himself to admit that conservatism's moral emptiness—the incitement of the people almost to nihilism by the provision of endless abundance—is the inevitable outcome of the primacy it gives to the economic realm. Capitalism does not provide "the controlling power upon will and appetite" that Burke said society needs. A contributor to the conservative review, *Modern Age*, two years ago recalled the Talmud, where it says: If I do not think of myself, no one else will. But if I think of myself only, what kind of man am I? Capitalism meets only the first of these axioms; it hardly makes the pretense to meet the second.

Peter Steinfels, in his very uneven book, *The Neoconservatives* (Simon & Schuster), is correct when he says that this group has become "outrightly protective of business interests." There is no one and nothing among President Reagan's first appointments to suggest that either he or they have any wider vision. Unless we are pleasantly surprised, government is to be brought to us by Mobil Corporation. The need for the restoration to society of some strong and commonly held values will be appeased by allowing those on the fringe to believe that, by speaking shallowly of flag and family and God, they are restoring the old values as authoritative prescriptions in the society at large. The profits will be increased; the prophets will be ignored. What have all the jeremiads of Mobil amounted to in the past four years, after all, but that a profit is not without honor save in its own country? Conservatism is reduced to that.

I happen to believe that the United States is, by its own impetus, on the threshold of a new period of confidence and creativity. But there is not the slightest evidence that the conservatives will be able to guide this country into the courses that might restore a society able to command both popular and intellectual allegiance. The new administration will leave both the populist conservatives and the neoconservatives more dispirited than ever. Just as the conservatism of Margaret Thatcher has not inspired the allegiance of any class in the way old-fashioned Toryism was able to do in the past, so it seems likely that the conservatism of Ronald Reagan and his administration will give little thought to providing a moral order to which people are attached. The high ground will remain empty. It is still unclear whether this ground ultimately will be occupied by the conservatives or the liberals. But neither group is very profound in approaching the real problem: the provision of a moral order that attracts a common loyalty. For it is everything from the high culture to the popular culture that needs to be reexamined.

Norman Podhoretz likes to talk of the neoconservatives as the new nationalists. There is indeed a yearning and need for a new nationalism. But it is not going to come from just stoking the furnaces to make arms. It especially is not going to come from just releasing the energies of private enterprise. It certainly cannot come from bewailing with Kristol that "the decline of the belief in personal immorality has been the most important political fact of the last hundred years." Responsibility for the form the Seven Deadly Sins takes today rests on society as well as on the individual. Conservatism may seem to be riding high. If only the liberals looked, they might see that it has no horse. The future still could be theirs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Old But New, New But Old

In May 1946 James Agee wrote:

> John Huston's *Let There Be Light*, a fine, terrible, valuable non-fiction film about psychoneurotic soldiers has been forbidden civilian circulation by the War Department. I don't know what is necessary to reverse this disgraceful decision, but if dynamite is required, then dynamite is indicated.

Attempts at dynamiting were headed by the admirable Arthur Mayer, still the dean of American film exhibitors, but without success. This one-hour documentary, made by Huston when he was an officer in the Army Signal Corps, was withheld from public view on the ground that it was an invasion of the patients' privacy—even though the patients had signed releases. Huston's previous documentary, *The Battle of San Pietro*, a grimly immediate record of combat, would also have been bottled up except for the personal intervention of General George C. Marshall. Huston quotes Marshall as saying—it was typical of the man—"Every soldier who knows he is going into combat must see this picture, and the country should see it in order that they know what a soldier is going through in battle." "But," adds Huston, "there was no General Marshall with *Let There Be Light*."

Now, at last, the government has reversed itself, and *Light* is made available to the public, who can buy prints from the Public Affairs division of the Defense Department. The first theatrical showing was at the Thalia in New York in mid-January. (Paradox: the complete script of *Light*, except for some deleted names, has been available since 1962 in *Film: Book 2*, edited by Robert Hughes, published by Grove Press.)

The script was written by Huston and Charles Kaufman, who subsequently worked with Huston on *Freud*. The camera work was by Huston and Stanley Cortez, who had already shot *The Magnificent Ambersons* for Welles. The look of the film is unexceptional, as is the editing. The lighting is like that of every other wartime documentary; the editing is in shot and reverse shot for conversation, quick cross fades for time lapse, etc. The exceptional quality of the film is not cinematic: it's in the concern of the filmmaker and the nakedness of the subjects.

A group of combat soldiers arrives at a US army hospital suffering from various kinds of shell shock, as it used to be called. One man can't speak without heavy stuttering, one can hardly walk though physically uninjured, one is emotionally uncontrolled, and so on. Each one gets an interview with an army psychiatrist in which sodium amytol is injected or hypnosis is used to relieve stress and enable him to talk. Each one is "cured"—at least to the point where, six weeks later, they are all playing softball and then are discharged from the hospital.

To my knowledge there had been no previous documentary on this subject. Everyone knew there had been casualties of this kind; they had been part of fiction films. (E.g., Donald Cook, as James Cagney's older brother in *The Public Enemy* (1931), came back from World War One "nervous.") But this film really confronted the "casualties of the spirit," as the narration (spoken by Huston) calls them; and so soon after the war, the army apparently was reluctant to publicize these facts. It's more than moving to see these men, in these quiet surroundings, still dazed by the battles they carry within them.

But today the film is something less than Agee thought it in 1946. Since then there have been, of course, many films—documentaries and fiction—about the treatment of psychoneurosis; as I recall, there's even a sequence about the treatment of psychoneurotic soldiers in Susan Sontag's documentary about Israel, *Promised Lands*. One reason that Huston's film is now released, I suppose, is that the patients in it are, for differing reasons, out of danger of embarrassment. Another, perhaps, is that we are all now so accustomed, in film and TV, to disorders of this kind and their treatment that there is no longer any shock in the picture. In comparison with what we've been flooded with since *The Snake Pit* (1948), *Light* is no hair-raiser.

But there's another reason why it may have been released, a disquieting one. The film is misleading. It says nothing about the possibility of recurrence in these men; and, worse, it says nothing about the sufferers with combat psychoneurosis who took longer to leave or who never got out of hospitals. Huston is sensitive on this subject. In a 1962 interview he said: "We tried scrupulously to avoid any suggestion that these men had been rendered the way they were simply by their experience in battle, and that now they were completely cured." It's hard to find support for this statement in the film. There is no instance in the film of a soldier who did not respond fairly quickly to treatment: and no hint that there were others in worse shape who could not have been discharged.

Films Worth Seeing

From the Life of the Marionettes. Ingmar Bergman is still asking (this time in German) great questions in an intensely subjective way. Not his best work, but done by a genius.

Kagemusha. Another work of a genius, though not his best. Akira Kurosawa freshens the word "epic" with this story of 16th-century Japanese war lords.

Raging Bull. Robert De Niro as a boxer, directed by Martin Scorsese. They transcend the materials to create an exaltation of fury.

Tess. Not Hardy's texture or tragedy, not a satisfactory cast, but Roman Polanski's direction is his most discreet and subtle since *Knife in the Water*.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I don't impute craftiness to Huston—at the time of making the film, anyway. He took a giant first step, as large as he was presumably permitted at the time, maybe even a bit further. Milestones are honorable, essential: *Light* is a milestone. But—and it's not the first instance—suppression has helped its reputation.

Nine to Five is a comedy, it says. Incongruity is an essence of comedy. What could be more incongruous than to quote Plato apropos of *Nine to Five*? Here goes, from Book X of *The Republic*:

> There are jests which you would be ashamed to make yourself, and yet on the comic stage . . . when you hear them, you are greatly amused by them, and are not at all disgusted at their unseemliness. . . . There is a principle in human nature which is disposed to raise a laugh, and this, which you once restrained by reason because you were afraid of being thought a buffoon, is now let out again. . . .

I guess I'm feeling guilty because I laughed a couple of times at this crock.

Nine to Five is not a comedy. It's an act of desperation, trying for laughs by any means—from comedy through farce to burlesque. The picture has one resemblance to *Coming Home*. Jane Fonda is in both of them and gave the impression before each that a serious subject was to be treated seriously: in the earlier picture, Vietnam; in this picture, the male exploitation, sexual and otherwise, of female employees and co-workers in business. Both films fizzled. *Nine to Five* is disgusting not because it's a comedy but because it is not. It's an old-style exploitation flick, exploiting another current hot topic.

It starts with a pretty good graph of the territory. A huge office floor of a big company is dominated by a vain male. Lily Tomlin is the knowledgeable assistant, cynical but competent and loyal; Jane Fonda is the newcomer, a divorcée returning to business after years in the household. For a while, their problems ring true. But Dolly Parton is unbelievable from Moment One as the boss's personal aide for whom he lusts. I've seen women in offices who were allegedly hired for their sexual possibilities. It was notorious 30 years ago that a big New York book publisher always had an easy lay on the staff who was billed as an editorial assistant; but she looked like an editorial assistant. Parton is dressed and directed like a caricature.

And the boss's advances toward her are caricatures. If he devises ways to sneak looks down her cleavage, OK, though Parton would have had to be mentally deficient to wear dresses like that on the job. But when he chases her—literally—around his office, grabbing and missing and falling, with the door unlocked, the picture begins to go stupid. It goes very much stupider: at one point Fonda just accidentally misses murdering the boss with a pistol. Lack of conviction and brains takes its toll early. The absence of both quickly converts the women's vengeance into a base for a lot of incredibly incredible and offensive "comic" shenanigans. Anyone who laughs at the humiliation of the man in this film is, I think, humiliating women, who are being exploited again in fake exposé of their business exploitation.

It was directed by Colin Higgins, who perpetrated *Harold and Maude*. He wrote it with Patricia Resnick. Fonda has no character, just some novice stuff at the start and some non-novice stuff later. Parton quickly passes from sweet vulnerability to pneumatic nuisance. Tomlin, who manages simultaneously to look like an attractive woman and a high-spirited filly in an animated film, has real comic gifts and managed to get a few laughs out of me. Plato, forgive.

Robert Brustein on theater

Crossed Purposes

I went to Sam Shepard's *True West* (Martinson Theater) expecting a significant event. The evening was significant, but not quite in the way I had anticipated. What it revealed was an important theater in a state of momentary disarray.

For all its problems, the New York Public Theater undoubtedly has been responsible for the most interesting productions thus far this season: Lee Breuer's *A Prelude to Death in Venice*, JoAnne Akalaitis's *The Dead End Kids*, André Serban's *The Sea Gull*. Evenings like these have provided what little distinction currently can be found in the New York theater, and the only grounds for hope. At the Public, one feels theatrical artists throwing off inherited conventions, challenging the audience with new experiences, breaking the crust of cold earth to discover warm fertile springs beneath.

Each of these productions has been the result of Joseph Papp's traditional policy of offering space, facilities, encouragement to imaginative radical theater innovators, at a time when money and resources are scarce. Although this policy has earned for the New York Shakespeare Festival a well-deserved reputation for generosity, Papp's motives never have been entirely altruistic. As a paternal theatrical benefactor, Papp always is responsive to new talent; as a practical producer feeding hungry mouths, he also needs to earn some bread. Ever since the conventional sources of unearned income went dry, Papp has been looking for another commercial oil well like *A Chorus Line*, the bonanza that has kept his theater functioning. Certain recent projects—the Wilford Leach production of *The Pirates of Penzance*, for example—very probably were developed with Broadway in mind, just as *Alice in Concert*—the Elizabeth Swados version of *Alice in Wonderland*, starring Meryl Streep—seems to have been undertaken as a pilot stage project for an NBC television spectacular. On the face of it, an arcane experimental theater company such as Mabou Mines is hardly in a position to provide Papp with a long-running Broadway hit, but it has been his habit first to encourage workshop productions by the most interesting and innovative American theater people—Foreman, Leach, Serban, Swados—and then to match them with a commercially viable project (*Threepenny Opera, Pirates of Penzance, Umbrellas of Cherbourg, Runaways*) in the hope of refining crude oil into Exxon Supreme.

The procedure is similar to the way certain large corporations underwrite research and development programs. By luring away some unworldly genius from his university laboratory, the corporate executives hope to put the scientist's basic research to profitable commercial use. In industry and medicine, this process has been responsible for advances in DNA research, for the development of the integrated circuit (or silicon wafer chip), in fact for most of the recent breakthroughs in modern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scientific and technological products. What's wrong with this, aside from the way it corrupts the aims of pure science? Not much, really. The only problem arises when the corporate producer, in his impatience to get results, begins to push his researcher a little harder than he wants to go.

On the premise that what's good enough for Hi Tech groups is good enough for theater, the same thing seems to have been happening lately at the Public. In his eagerness to clone *A Chorus Line*, Mr. Papp has begun to intervene in the creative process of his house artists, with the result that, within a matter of weeks, André Serban was removed from the production of *Alice in Concert*, Robert Woodruff resigned from the production of *True West*, and Sam Shepard repudiated his own play, declaring that he would never again give another work to the Public Theater. This theatrical Saturday Night Massacre was unquestionably the result of Mr. Papp's effort to accelerate the process of creation. Whether it actually improved the productions is a matter of debate, but it certainly provided delicious material for the media mills, most of it speculation on the character of Joseph Papp. This obscures the real issue, which has little to do with whether Papp is kind to crippled children. The issue, rather, is the desperate state of the non-profit movement, whose very survival has grown so dependent on grinding out hits for Broadway.

Papp was entirely within his rights in taking over the productions of *Alice* and *True West*—and not just legally, the way Richard Nixon was empowered to remove Archibald Cox through the good offices of his attorney general. It is quite possible that the productions were foundering, and required a producer's intervention. The confusion arises over whether Papp is developing artists or producing shows, whether the Public is devoted to experimental workshops or pre-Broadway tryouts. Until Mr. Papp clarifies his own role as a producer, and the function of his theaters, he is in danger either of alienating the talented people who work there, or instilling in them a cynical opportunism. Neither alternative provides inviting conditions for serious creation.

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly, dealing with all aspects of language. Send $7.50 (U.S.) or $8.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668 NP ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A.

The present production of *True West* is a case in point. It is heartbreaking in its failed opportunities. Not so much misdirected as undirected, it has the look of a show, the feel of a workshop. Shepard and Woodruff apparently assumed they would give Papp the same production of the play they did at the Magic Theater, including two San Francisco actors in the leads, while Papp apparently assumed he was buying something that would bring financial returns, enhanced by Shepard's recent Pulitzer Prize for *Buried Child*. The play rehearsed to the accompaniment of a lot of fanfare, including a long article about this reticent playwright in the magazine section of the *New York Times*; New York was primed for a serious "hit." Under these pressures, you don't go with the San Francisco equivalent of an off-off-Broadway cast, even if the director and playwright demand it; you go for movie actors. The result? Tommy Lee Jones and Peter Boyle.

EVEN WHEN such actors deliver, as Peter Boyle does splendidly, the purpose of the presentation gets clouded. The production has no unity, no style, no control. It's a wonder the actors aren't bumping into each other. Even so, the first act of *True West* comes through, largely because of Shepard's stubborn neo-Pinteresque power. It is a dazzling piece of writing—terse, suggestive, mystifying, intense. In the second act, however, when Shepard's inspiration flags, the faults of the production become glaring. Like *Seduced*, Shepard's recent play about Howard Hughes, *True West* has the feeling of a first draft. Shepard rarely revises any of his work extensively, but at his best (in *Buried Child*, for example), the initial rush can carry him through. In *True West*, his impulse is not sustained; the play looks thin, even emaciated, like a healthy organism turning anorexic before your eyes.

The play is about role reversal. Austin, a successful Hollywood screenwriter, lives comfortably in his mother's house, while his brother Lee—a shambling, paranoid, lopsided drifter—spends his time in the desert, emerging occasionally to steal appliances out of suburban homes. Just when Austin is about to sell a script to a Hollywood producer, Lee interrupts to describe a script idea of his own based partly on his experience, partly on an old Kirk Douglas movie, *Lonely Are the Brave*. When the bedazzled producer unaccountably offers a munificent advance for this bizarre Western, and drops his option on Austin's work, Lee forces Austin to write the script. At the same time that Lee is turning his eyes on Hollywood, Austin is turning his eyes toward the desert and, to prove how liberated he is from middle-class values, steals 10 toasters from the homes of his neighbors. The two of them get drunk and wreck their mother's kitchen. When she returns, she witnesses her two sons engaged in an epic battle during which Austin almost strangles Lee to death with a telephone cord. The play ends with the brothers locked in deadly embrace under a crescent moon.

True West is fascinating as long as its design is hidden; finally, its very symmetry undermines its mystery. I suspect the work will ultimately be of interest mainly to Shepard's biographers, for it is possible to detect in the tension between the two brothers a personal meaning for the playwright. I have a feeling that Lee and Austin represent two aspects of Shepard's career—the increasingly renowned playwright and movie actor on the one hand, the freewheeling coffeehouse writer and carefree musician on the other. It may be that Shepard is working something out in this play, a kind of nostalgia for his past life, which he associates with the real or true West, as opposed to "shopping in the Safeway, riding on the Freeway," the suburban traps in which "There's nothing real down here anymore—least of all me."

The real Shepard is certainly not on display at the Public, and that, too, may be the price he is paying for his fame. Peter Boyle alone gives us a glimpse of authentic Shepard, moving through the space of the Martinson Theater like a huge tramp steamer pushing clumsily into port—his jaw slack, his hair lank, his body lumpy as if he had been poured into his clothes. It is he alone who provides the danger and menace of the play. Tommy Lee Lones, on the other hand, playing his entire part on a single note, never departs from his cool movie persona, even when he is supposed to be drunk, and thus never convinces us that he shares any blood with Boyle. David Gropman's set is appropriate in its characterless neatness, and Hank Williams's Country and Western songs provide a proper musical background—but the evening generally seems to be an exercise in sloppiness, without

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even the excuse of being a work in progress.

And that, ultimately, is the really pathetic thing about this exercise—that one of the few genuine dramatic writers of our time should have been so shamefully mishandled. I share Joseph Papp's doubts about the professional capacities of Robert Woodruff and I suspect that, under the circumstances, he was probably correct in intervening when he did. But it is one thing to launch a fully professional production of this play, aimed for the commercial market; it is quite another to pretend to offer the conditions of a workshop, where the process of development is as important as the results. At present, Mr. Papp is confusing the purposes and the personnel of the experimental theater with those of the commercial stage, and thereby serving neither God nor Mammon well. Perhaps now that *Pirates of Penzance* has proved a gusher, he will be able to relax the pressures on his artists and let them do their work.

Virginia Woolf in her last letters.

Enemies Within and Without

by Edwin J. Kenney Jr.

Volume VI of Virginia Woolf's *Letters*, which contains letters written between 1936 and 1941, completes the publication of *The Letters of Virginia Woolf*, edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann. Just as this final volume is only a part of the collected *Letters*, so too it is only a partial record of the years 1936 to 1941. To be properly understood, the letters must be read not only as a complement to Woolf's public writings of this period—her novels *The Years* and *Between the Acts*, her biography of Roger Fry, and her feminist pamphlet, *Three Guineas*—but also as a counterpoint to her diary, which is now being published in its entirety under the editorship of Anne Olivier Bell, and to her autobiographical memoirs composed during this time, some of which have been published as *Moments of Being*, edited by Jeanne Schulkind. Such a context is necessary to define and understand the peculiar nature of Woolf's letters and their relation to the final act of her life, her suicide.

Over the years of publication of the individual volumes of *The Letters of Virginia Woolf*, many reviewers have praised them as "vibrant," "brilliant," "enchanting," and "wicked." But the most pervasive characteristic of the collected *Letters* is their ordinariness. Woolf's is not a literary correspondence, for she does not openly discuss her fiction; it is not philosophical, and it certainly does not demonstrate any historical or political comprehension of world events. However, this ordinariness is so powerful that it must be understood not as a lapse, which a few critics have charged, but as an achievement, an act of will.

In *Moments of Being* Woolf reveals that she always felt life on two distinct levels, which she called "being" and "non-being." She defined non-being as the "nondescript cotton wool" of daily life. She considered the painful "sledge-hammer" blows of fate as "being," not only because they were intense, but also because she believed that such blows were "tokens of some real thing behind appearances." Virginia was ambivalent about both non-being and being. Non-being might be nondescript appearance, but it was safe and reassuring; being might be the "revelation of some order," but the revelation was threatening and the order was uncertain. In non-being the self was the author of the action. In being the self was only an actor, only a part of a work of art, whose creator and whose end were unknown, for "certainly there is no God."

In her letters more than in any of her other writing, Virginia Woolf confined herself to the cotton wool of daily life, without discussing her "mountain summit moments" of revelation. In this way she demonstrated almost daily to her friends and herself that everything was all right and that she was all right—safe and normal. This deliberate limitation of scope is especially apparent in the last volume of letters, written during the time of Virginia's mourning the deaths of her friend Roger Fry and her nephew Julian Bell, her anxieties at the destruction of Britain during the war, and her growing fears of insanity. In her letters Woolf characteristically and obsessively focuses on the minor irritations of daily domestic life: the getting of lunch and dinner, the buying of garters, the severity of the cold, the noise of workmen, the aches of the flu, the interruption of visitors, the pruning of the yews, the breeding of pets. Woolf is crotchety and often funny about these matters, but the overwhelming impression is that she is willfully restricting her attention to the ordinary to avoid "blows" that were terrible and deeply felt. The reader of the *Letters* knows that something more was going on, for on March 28, 1941, Virginia Woolf filled her pockets with stones and drowned herself in the icy Sussex Ouse. But with a few telling exceptions and the suicide notes to her husband and sister, most of her letters prattle on. If one did not know that Woolf killed herself, one would not consider these letters those of a deeply disturbed person. But in hindsight, the knowledge that these letters lead up to and end with her suicide both allows

Edwin J. Kenney Jr. teaches literature at Colby College, Maine, and is the author of *Elizabeth Bowen* (Bucknell University Press).

ACADEMY CHICAGO

FORBIDDEN SANDS
A Search in the Sahara
Richard Trench

"This book is in the tradition of fine British writing on Arab lands and people." -Library Journal

Cloth: $10.95

ACADEMY CHICAGO LIMITED

360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and encourages the reader to seek the "pattern" behind all this cotton wool of daily life, to ascertain what she felt as terrible and tried to control.

Until Virginia's marriage to Leonard Woolf, the prevalent experience of her life was coping with loss and bereavement caused first by the death of her mother in 1895 when Virginia was 13, then in 1897 by the sudden death of her half sister, Stella Duckworth, who had done her best to take her mother's place in the Stephen household; then the death of her father, Leslie Stephen, of cancer in 1904; and finally the death of her revered older brother Thoby in 1906. Each of these deaths was terrible in its own way and the cumulative effect of all of them was to undermine Virginia's sense of stability and trust in herself and the world. After the death of her mother and the ambiguous physical attentions, disguised as consoling gestures, of her half brother George Duckworth, Virginia experienced her first mental breakdown, prolonged by the death of Stella. After the death of Leslie Stephen, Virginia broke down again and attempted suicide by jumping out a window. She suffered another breakdown in 1910, after Thoby Stephen's death and the loss of her sister Vanessa to Clive Bell in marriage. But Virginia's worst collapse occurred in 1913 after her marriage to Leonard Woolf. She was by turns manic and depressive and again tried to commit suicide by taking an overdose of veronal. Thus the issues of death, loss, sex, madness, and suicide were emotionally clustered in these years of Virginia's childhood and prolonged adolescence.

During the years covered by Volume VI of the *Letters*, Virginia was continually being drawn back to this harrowing time of her life. *The Years* and *Roger Fry* are in part directly about this period; the death of her nephew Julian recalled the death of Thoby, and World War II recalled all the horrors of World War I. Also, in 1939-40 Virginia began writing autobiographical essays; in the longest of the pieces printed in *Moments of Being*, "A Sketch of the Past," Woolf returned again to the worst moments of her early life, already recorded in *The Years*.

Leonard Woolf tells us in his autobiographies that he feared Virginia was close to suicide early in 1936 when she was finishing *The Years*, and Virginia notes in her diary at that time that "I must very nearly verge on insanity, I think. . . . Find myself walking along the Strand talking aloud." But there is little indication in the *Letters* of what she describes as her "acute despair" in the diary. Even after the publication and success of the novel, she does not speak candidly about her difficulties in writing it.

Virginia Woolf by Jack Coughlin

She writes to Stephen Spender that the trouble with *The Years* is that it includes too many dates and facts and too much action, which she thinks "generally unreal." Since her debate with Arnold Bennett about the future of the novel in 1923, Woolf had contrasted her fiction of "vision" to the traditional realistic (and traditionally masculine) novel of "fact"—a distinction which echoes that between cotton wool and pattern. Woolf was right to follow the inclination of her temperament, and her greatest achievements in the novel (a word she also found unacceptable), *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*, are the best defense of her choice. But in the case of *The Years*, all her talk of "facts" tends to conceal what the facts are about. *The Years* examines more realistically some of the frightening experiences of her early life: the death of the mother, emotional anesthesia, sexual molestation, sexual frigidity. This novel lacked the protective transformation of "vision," and she was left to confront "a loathsome lump of fact." Most likely it was the fear and loathing of the facts of her life, not simply the aesthetic decision to be factual, which almost broke her down. Deep down, Woolf knew that her symptoms were "connected . . . with those awful other times when I couldn't control myself."

This confrontation with the facts of the past was extended in her next work, *Roger Fry*. In agreeing to write the biography of her friend after his death in 1934, Woolf committed herself to another work of fact. She had to discipline her novelistic inclination toward "vision" to fulfill the biographer's obligation to provide the facts. Indeed, there are more letters about *Roger Fry* than any of her other works because she had to correspond with friends to get the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facts. Again, most of her comments are complaints about being constrained by facts. "How can one deal with facts—so many and so many and so many?" Her frustration was not simply artistic; it was, as always, existential, for the questions about matters of representation led to questions about essence: "And what is a life? And what was Roger?"

Leonard did not consider *Roger Fry* a success and most readers have tended to agree with him, but the book is especially compelling at one point, the point of crisis in Fry's life in 1910. Fry was fired from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York after quarreling for the last time with Pierpont Morgan, and when he returned to England his wife had to be institutionalized for the rest of her life, leaving Fry alone, unemployed, unable to paint, with two young children. At this time Fry organized the First Post-Impressionist Exhibition in London and found a new place for himself in a community of young painters as well as a new direction for both his art criticism and painting. He also met and fell in love with Vanessa Bell. This period corresponds exactly to the times of Virginia's struggle to become herself, and her felt sense of this correspondence is evident in the biography, the diary, and some of her letters. She recorded in the diary that the early parts of the biography were "largely autobiographical," and she wrote to Ethel Smyth: "All the morning I work my brain into a screw over Roger—what did he do in 1904—when did his wife go mad, and how on earth does one explain madness and love in sober prose, with dates attached?" 1904 was the year of Leslie Stephen's death and Virginia's own madness; in writing the biography of her friend she was struggling now with the question of how to explain madness and love, the issues of her early life exacerbated by death. In the "terrible story" of the brilliant Helen Fry, Virginia noted how "the dread of insanity must always have been in the background."

While she was collecting letters for the biography of Roger Fry, Virginia received from Violet Dickinson the letters she herself had written in her youth as Virginia Stephen. The packet included letters Woolf had written immediately after the death of her brother Thoby in 1906. Thoby died of typhoid fever, contracted during the Stephen children's trip to Greece with Virginia's friend Violet. For a whole month after Thoby's death Virginia kept up a pretense of his recovery in daily letters to Violet, who was thought to be too ill with typhoid to survive the news of his death. There is in these tragic letters such a circumstantiality and relish for detail that one senses Virginia needed to do this for herself as well. Now, in her response to Dickinson's sending the packet, Woolf lets the poignant feelings emerge:

> Do you like that girl? I'm not sure that I do, though I think she had some spirit in her, and certainly was rather ground down harshly by fate. . . . At points I became filled with such a gust from her tragic past, I couldn't read on. Letters seem more than anything to keep the past—out it comes, when one opens the box.

The terrible past of Roger's early life and her own, in the form of actual letters, is what preoccupied Woolf at this time, and it heightened her feeling "that life is of a hardness that still fairly terrifies me" and her conviction that as a response to the harshness of fate "courage [is] the greatest of human virtues." This is what she found and admired in the life of Fry, and when young Ben Nicolson wrote a letter attacking Fry for shielding himself from the "disagreeable actualities" of life, Woolf responded vehemently, "Roger who faced insanity, death and every sort of disagreeable—what can Ben mean?"

Virginia's consciousness of the hardness of life was not limited at this time to her recollections of the past in *The Years* and *Roger Fry*, for her past actually seemed to be repeating itself in the present. Her dear friend Lytton Strachey had died in 1931 and Roger Fry in 1934. But, worst of all, her nephew Julian Thoby Bell, Thoby's namesake, was blown up driving an ambulance in Spain in 1937 at the age of 29. Virginia had never gotten over Thoby's death. In addition to the letters to Violet Dickinson, she had tried in *Jacob's Room* and *The Waves* to use her powers of fiction to assuage the pain of his absence by attempting to recreate his presence, even while acknowledging his loss. But in her friendship with his friends and in her love for Julian Bell, she always felt Thoby's form "looming behind." In a revealing comment in her diary she says "I think of death sometimes as the end of an excursion which I went on when he died." This feeling was intensified with the death of Julian; she had tried to prevent him from going to Spain, and when he was killed her reaction was exactly what it had been at the death of Thoby, but more beaten down. "Julian's death seems the most complete waste one can imagine. He was everything one could wish for: and now it's all over." She made the connection herself in a letter to Margaret Llewelyn Davies, in which she said she "always" thought of Thoby, "and now there is Julian too."

The Letters of Virginia Woolf
edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann

Volume I: 1888-1912
Volume II: 1912-1922
Volume III: 1923-1928
Volume IV: 1929-1931
Volume V: 1932-1935
Volume VI: 1936-1941

The Diaries of Virginia Woolf
edited by Anne Olivier Bell

Volume I: 1915-1919
Volume II: 1920-1924
Volume III: 1925-1930

All of these books were published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in hardcover and in paper under their Harvest imprint.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Virginia, Vanessa's grief at the loss of her son also oddly repeated her earlier reaction to the death of Thoby. At that earlier time, Vanessa was herself sick in bed and Virginia cared for her, only to feel severed from her, too, when Vanessa decided to marry Clive Bell. Now Vanessa collapsed in her grief at Julian's death and had to be put to bed, and again Virginia was a great comfort and practical help to her. But Vanessa could never openly show her love for Virginia; as Vanessa told Vita Sackville-West, "When she is demonstrative, I always shrink away." Now Vanessa was isolated by her grief so completely that Virginia learned only through Vita of Vanessa's appreciation for Virginia's care of and for her. Virginia then wrote desperately to her sister of her feeling of the loss not only of Julian but also of Vanessa: "I feel a lost old crone without you . . . you cant think how I depend upon you, and when you're not there the colour goes out of life, as water from a sponge; and I merely exist, dry, and dusty. This is the exact truth. . . ."

Other friends of Virginia died during these years, Ottoline Morrell, Ka Arnold-Forster, and Janet Case, so that her fear of the loss of loved ones increased even beyond its usually high level and would be expressed in conclusions to letters: "dont die." But the fear of loss was difficult to control in face of the growing inevitability of war and the feeling of general doom it brought. Not just her own personal history, but world history seemed to be repeating itself in these years, and, strangely, in ways that Virginia had anticipated in her fiction. In writing *Jacob's Room* she had earlier extended her personal sense of Thoby's loss to include all the deaths of the young men who were killed in World War I by naming Thoby "Jacob Flanders." Now her remaining nephew Quentin Bell was drafted; younger friends began to go off to war, and presumably they, like those who died and were buried in Flanders Field, would not come back.

Moreover, the war was moving closer to Virginia herself. German bombers began destroying central London by late 1940, and both her houses there were hit. The Woolfs rescued what possessions they could from the house in Tavistock Square, most importantly the Hogarth Press, and retired to Monk's House, their home in Sussex. But British and German planes were engaged in dogfights right out on the downs beyond their garden, bombs were dropped, and everyone feared invasion.

Typically Woolf's letters at this time show her willed effort to keep the war out but also her growing inability to do so. There is an increasing contrast between her determined courage and high spirits and her deeper fears and anxieties, which had been previously limited to the diary. Woolf was horrified at the destruction of old London ("we went and saw Holburn—my word—its like a nightmare. All heaps of glass, water running, a great gap at top of Chancery Lane; my typists office demolished") and unhappy at the personal dislocation of her life.

> We have been completely bombed out of London, and lead a rather vegetable existence here, surrounded by the melancholy relics of our half destroyed furniture. All this afternoon I've been trying to arrange some of my father's books.

But she continued to invite friends, such as T. S. Eliot, William Plomer, and Elizabeth Bowen: "Is there any chance (Hitler allowing) you could come for a weekend?" and bravely played bowls while planes fought overhead. She claimed to be enchanted by the flooding of the Ouse when its banks were broken by bombs, and annoyed by unattractive refugees.

Yet in spite of what she called her "immense capacity for pleasure," she could not keep the war out: "each time the door opened or the telephone rang it was war and war," and underneath she was afraid: "I wish I didn't feel myself a coward." What she could not tolerate was the anticipation of disaster. "When the bombs make our windows rattle I always jump. I dont like sitting of an evening and thinking the drone which is weaving its web above me is about to drop." There is no mention in the *Letters*, as there is in the diary, of Leonard's and Virginia's plan to asphyxiate themselves with the exhaust from their car, fueled with rationed gasoline, should Germany invade England.

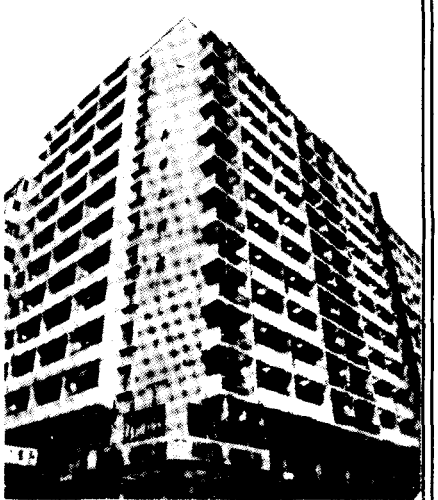
The diary shows a growing sense of extreme detachment, of alienation. "What's odd is the severance that war seems to bring; everything becomes meaningless . . . this horror of war." The war was horrible, but at the time it seemed to her unreal, and it was this sense of severance, of being suspended, that connected with the most traumatic incidents of her life and finally prevented her from doing what had given her life the most stability and meaning—writing. "It's odd to feel one's writing in a vacuum—no-one will read it. I feel the audience has gone. Still, so oddly is one made, I find I must spin my brain even

All This and Hong Kong Too.
Yours at the Merlin.

The Merlin Hotel is strategically located in the heart of Kowloon's famous shopping, business and entertainment district. The spacious rooms have been totally redecorated to suit your comfort and enjoyment. Step out on your balcony and experience the magnificence of Hong Kong's famous harbour. Inside, enjoy the comfort and serenity of home.

For conducting your important business, the Merlin provides a spacious executive lounge, secretarial services and fully equipped offices.

The comforts of home. The convenience of our executive facilities. The splendour of Hong Kong. Yours at the Merlin. Be our honoured guest.



Reservations Toll Free: (800) 223-9868
The Merlin Hotel
No. 2 Hankow Road, Kowloon
Tel: 3-667211 Telex: HX54291
Cable: Merlin in Hong Kong
In New York, call (212) 757-2981

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a vacuum." Lacking an immediate sense of an audience, Woolf "spun her brain in a vacuum" by returning to her past and digging down into her unconscious, as she said in her diary, to "enlarge the circumference, to give my brain a wider scope, to make it objective, to get outside."

But there was no getting outside. The closer Woolf got to actual self-analysis, the more uncertain and frightened she became. As she said, "I remember too much," and she could not now go through it all again. So after writing "A Sketch of the Past" and other fragments she suddenly broke off, and in the last few months of her diary she repeats the phrase "Avoid introspection." She was then no longer spinning her brain; it was spinning by itself and swinging her with it. As she says in a letter to Ethel Smyth, "I should swing like a frantic pendulum" without writing. By February 1941 she was openly complaining to friends, "I can no longer control my brain," and by March she could not write. "No audience. No private stimulus, only this outer roar."

Virginia Woolf's extreme desperation in her last days becomes fully evident only when the *Letters* are placed within the context of her other writings, particularly the diary and autobiographical memoirs. Her letters to friends right until the day before her suicide are matter-of-fact. Nicolson and Trautmann have re-dated two of Woolf's three suicide notes and argued that Woolf's decision to kill herself predates her actual death by 10 days. The two suicide notes to Leonard and the one to Vanessa are therefore interspersed in this final volume with perfectly ordinary letters to old friends, such as Lady Cecil, Lady Tweedsmuir, V. Sackville-West, and to business associate John Lehmann, who was arranging for the publication of *Between the Acts*. These letters show, for the last time, how she could maintain the surface appearance of the ordinary while confronting her psychic disintegration and contemplating her own death. This final element of control, manifested in her letters, is the best suggestion of how to understand her motive for suicide.

Woolf believed she was going mad again; she knew the signs from her past experience with madness and she recognized them reappearing. In her fear and depression she believed that this time she would not be able to recover. To her there did seem to be a pattern to her life which now with its sledgehammer blows was breaking through the cotton wool and forcing her to act the part of a madwoman. Even though there is not a single letter in this volume about Virginia Woolf's writing of *Between the Acts*, this last work of fiction shows her anxious fascination with being forced to act a part in a drama one does not know the meaning of. Rather than become merely an actor, an object of fate, Woolf chose not to suffer madness and the strict and humiliating regime of treatment that accompanied it—being forced to stay in bed in a darkened room without books or visitors, being made to rest, to eat, always being watched by attendants. She chose not to become again a source of suffering to those she loved and who loved her. She chose to take her own life. This premeditation, now emphasized by the re-dating of the suicide notes, shows that Woolf's death was not an insane or impulsive act, but rather her last desperate act of free will. By choosing to take her own life she authored, as well as acted, her fate. Her death was the final expression of her "spirit" in response to that terrible hardness of life which again seemed to be closing in on her in her last years.

Leonard Woolf understood the paradox of her action, for when he buried Virginia's ashes under a great elm just outside the garden at Monk's House, he chose the last words of *The Waves* as her epitaph: "Against you I fling myself unvanquished and unyielding, O Death!" For the common reader of the life and letters of Virginia Woolf, her death completes and reveals the whole pattern contained within all the fragments. But the pattern does not allow us to know with absolute certainty the extent to which Virginia Woolf's life and death may have been determined by forces beyond her control even in her assertion of some control over them. Virginia was so ground down by the harshness of her fate that finally the only expression of her spirit was to choose death over madness, fusing permanently in a single action her life and death, her character and her fate.

Kissinger Redivivus

For the Record: Selected Statements, 1977-1980 by Henry Kissinger

(Little, Brown; $12.95)

Henry Kissinger's latest literary production is not apt to hold a reader's rapt attention from beginning to end. It is made up of nine speeches, three interviews, two written pieces, and two statements before congressional committees. It does not lend itself to easy summary because it takes on so many different subjects—Eurocommunism, energy, commemorations of Golda Meir and Nelson Rockefeller, the Middle East, the shah of Iran, the SALT negotiations, NATO, detente, Soviet-American relations, and oil. Much of this miscellany reads like excerpts from memoranda provided by his research assistants. This impression comes through most strongly in the speeches and statements made on international business, energy, and oil, as if Kissinger were determined to demonstrate that his mind is not impervious to economics, as had been thought. Scattered through the speeches and interviews, however, are opinions offered and positions taken on matters more native to him and on which he undoubtedly has thought long and hard. Some of the opinions are not quite the same as those he had held either as an academic before 1969 or as assistant for national security affairs and secretary of state between 1969 and 1976. I am going to limit myself to one subject—detente and relations with the Soviet Union—of basic importance in itself and symptomatic of the change in his political line, in order to deal with that change more thoroughly than would be possible otherwise.

But first I must say that I was struck by an increasing coarseness of thought and carelessness with fact. One talk in this book has a "determined Western Alliance" brought into existence in 1948, a year too soon, and much sooner than the alliance could have become "determined." The Western Alliance is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also alleged to have been held together "by a system of close consultation," though Kissinger frequently has criticized the United States for having habitually made unilateral decisions, with the merest pretense of consultation. Again, Kissinger makes a reference to "our unequaled economic vigor" in 1977. In fact, by this time our economic vigor had been equaled and even surpassed by other Western countries and Japan. In another speech that same year, he asserts that the United States "accounted for very little in the scale of world economics" in the 19th century. It may come as a surprise to him to learn that the United States was Great Britain's leading trading partner throughout the 19th century and for that reason alone of no little account in the scale of world economics; that US exports exceeded those of Britain by the end of the 19th century; and that the United States at about the same time became a creditor rather than a debtor nation. These factual lapses occur in the first 30 pages. They were not typical of the academic Kissinger, perhaps because he did his own research and did not wander so far afield.

Kissinger's concepts also get him into trouble in this book. In the past he was devoted to the idea that "nuances" were critical in the success or failure of foreign policy. In an interview with Walter Laqueur in 1978, however, Kissinger came forth with a theory of "structure" that, if pushed as far as he pushes it, would make nuances almost totally irrelevant as historical forces. Kissinger's structural concept arose in a discussion of Hitler's string of successes before World War II. The reoccupation of the Rhineland in 1936 was, according to Kissinger, the fatal blow. "When France did not move following the occupation of the Rhineland, it was all over." Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland were bound to fall, "from a structural point of view." That France was still far stronger militarily than Germany after the reoccupation of the Rhineland evidently did not matter. In the same way, according to Kissinger, the "structure of the postwar peace" after World War II settled the balance of European power in Russia's favor.

"Structure," then, is here the controlling concept for Kissinger. It is interpreted to the outer limit of determinism; one failure and it is "all over." If we took this approach seriously, it should be all over for us by now; the West has suffered not a few "Rhinelands" since 1945. But nuances still enjoy Kissinger's favor. What, however, is the use of nuances if structure determines all? Nuances are the smallest of diplomatic small change; structure presupposes that only the largest objective and even physical elements or factors really count. It is conceivable to prefer nuances, however implausible; it is also conceivable to choose structures, however questionable in Kissinger's interpretation. But it is inconceivable that both nuances and structure should be given paramount importance; one cancels out the other. Possibly these extremes satisfy different aspects of Kissinger's nature. With nuances, he tends to be overly optimistic about being able to accomplish almost anything by personality or artfulness; with structure, he leans over to a pessimism almost amounting to fatalism once an international fabric has begun to unravel.

THIS SCHIZOTHYMIA has begun to pervade Kissinger's thinking about other matters. It is most striking in the case of detente and relations with Soviet Russia.

The pre-Nixonian Kissinger (before 1969) was adamantly anti-detente. The Nixonian Kissinger was converted to the beneficence of detente by 1971 and managed the negotiations which led to the consecration of the US-Soviet detente at the summit meeting in Moscow in May 1972. He even concocted a set of concepts to make detente seem inherent in the very nature of the nuclear age. Detente, he maintained, was built into the international system because neither side could now rationally seek "marginal advantages," "increments of power," "tangible advantages," or "tactical gains."

The Kissinger in this book would like to have it both ways. He now seeks to downplay detente, passing it off as "an aspiration, not a contract." He sees it as nothing more than "a yardstick by which to measure compliance with norms of international behavior." He still upholds it on the ground that it helped to keep armaments from rising and made the environment "somewhat more predictable." In January 1980, however, he uttered these words about detente: "The last period of what has been called detente was characterized by Western euphoria and, to some extent, nonperformance of what we said we would do. It was also characterized by massive Soviet rearmament and a massive Soviet assault on the equilibrium."

Which Kissinger to believe? If detente was merely an "aspiration" or a "yardstick," why the euphoria in the West? Whose euphoria was it? If there was nothing to perform, why the "nonperformance"? Far from holding down the level of armaments, according to Kissinger it enabled the Soviets to rearm massively behind a screen of Western euphoria. In fact, the agreement on detente was more than an aspiration or yardstick and less than a contract. The illusions or euphoria it engendered made the environment far more un-

THE PRODIGAL SON

The Prodigal Son is kneeling in the husks.
He remembers the man about to die
who cried, "Don't let me die, Doctor!"
The swine go on feeding in the sunlight.

When he folds his hands, his knees on corncobs,
he sees the smoke of ships
floating off the isles of Tyre and Sidon,
and father beyond father beyond father.

An old man once, being dragged across the floor
by his shouting son, cried:
"Don't drag me any farther than that crack—
I only dragged my father that far!"

My father is seventy years old.
How difficult it is,
bending the head, looking into the water.
What we cannot solve is expressed by the swine.

Robert Bly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predictable, since the post-detente surge of Soviet rearmament and adventurism admittedly caught the American leaders by surprise.

Detente tantalizes Kissinger. He cannot hold on to it, and he cannot let it go. "Yes, there is a crisis of detente," he recognizes in an interview. "But," he says in the next breath, "it is not insoluble." What will make it soluble? His answer is that the Soviets must give up their expansionism. They will give it up, however, only if the United States and its allies force them to do so by mustering superior power. Thus Kissinger's own logic makes detente a function of the balance of power. Detente can do only what a favorable balance of power permits it to do; without a favorable balance, detente is a snare and a delusion.

THE PARADOX of detente, which is supposed to be a relaxation in the struggle for power, is that detente itself becomes a weapon in that struggle. The way to make detente work is not to make it depend on the balance of power but to call off the struggle for power—something that no one in his right mind expects.

The contradictions of detente lead Kissinger into indulging in such doubletalk as: "The fact of a detente policy shouldn't be disputed. Its content should be disputed." But if its content proves to be devoid of real substance or even dangerously illusory, what kind of fact is it? The fact is that detente is not a fact at all; if it cannot be filled with the right kind of content, its status as "fact" must be disputed. This play with "fact" and "content" is rather a reflection of Kissinger's political dilemma. By holding on to detente as a "fact," he avoids disavowing his past allegiance to it; by disputing its "content," he is able to repudiate any particular form of detente.

As a result, Kissinger cannot make up his mind how to struggle with the Soviet dragon or where the struggle is going to end. He takes a hard line in his insistence that Soviet expansionism must be resisted on all fronts. He records "the Kremlin's insatiable tendency to exploit every strategic opportunity." He believes in the similarity between the Soviet challenge and Hitler's, though their methods may differ. This is one side of Kissinger's attitude toward the Soviet Union and corresponds with his anti-detente present. But he also works the other side of the street, corresponding to his pro-detente past. He exhorts that we still must be ready "to explore routes to genuine peaceful coexistence." The United States and the Soviet Union "must" practice "moderation and ultimately cooperation." We are "doomed to coexistence." We must still find out whether "a code of restraint" is possible, and if so reward the Soviets by renewing the SALT process.

Structurally, if Kissinger was right before, it should be incumbent on him to make up his mind about whether the struggle with the Soviet Union must run its course toward confrontation or cooperation. If both, then the confrontations must end in cooperation. "None of the political leaders of Europe," Kissinger complains about the statesmen who brought on World War I, "understood that their system was tending toward confrontation." One would expect an answer from him as to where the present structural system is tending. The answer he gives, however, is profoundly ambivalent—first confrontation, then cooperation. But how can cooperation be brought about with a Kremlin in the grip of an "insatiable tendency to exploit every strategic opportunity"? If structure decides, the answer to such a question cannot be left up in the air or open to contradictory resolutions.

The questions that Kissinger raises about detente and relations with the Soviet Union are not merely intellectual exercises. They have a direct bearing on personal behavior and practical policy. A striking case in point was recently reflected in a photograph that appeared in *Time* magazine on November 24, 1980.

The picture showed three men who could not have seemed to be more pleased with one another. They were Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, former president Richard Nixon, and ex-secretary of state Henry Kissinger. The occasion was the annual celebration in the Soviet embassy in Washington commemorating the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. Dobrynin is shown talking, overflowing with good humor and camaraderie. Nixon and Kissinger listen, beaming with delight. They were not the only Americans there. "The place was jammed," reported Hugh Sidey, *Time*'s Washington correspondent, "with Republican contributors, consultants and former administration aides, as though the Soviets had summoned a meeting of the shadow government that had been lurking in the wings the past four years." Sidey sensed that Dobrynin was trying to project "unusual warmth" toward president-elect Reagan and the Reaganites who had answered his summons. "Old friends," said the Soviet ambassador, as he repaid all these Republican contributors, consultants, and former administration aides with a "great smile."

Nixon and Kissinger did not miss the opportunity to make pronouncements on future relations with the Soviet Union. "Rather than this being a period with a danger of war," said Nixon, "it will be the opposite." Kissinger offered a psychological explanation of how the transformation would be achieved. "The Soviets want a predictable administration," he said. "And in a curious way, I think they want one that puts limits on them. Their system is not capable of operating under the principle of self-restraint."

And in an even more curious way, a recent reader of both Nixon and Kissinger hardly would have expected such words from them. Not more than six months earlier, Nixon had put out a book, *The Real War*, the message of which is that the United States and the Soviet Union already are at war—indeed, "World War III began before World II ended." One would like to laugh off this Nixonian bombast—calling on Americans to recognize that a real war has been going on for some 35 years, in May, and calling it off in November. Yet if we may trust William Safire, a licensed tattletale who worked for Nixon and got the news straight from Nixon at a small dinner party in Nixon's New York home, Nixon successfully lobbied with president-elect

BOOKS THAT DON'T COLLECT DUST...

A Modern Dunciad – $4
vicious & profound verse
by Richard Nason
"piercing wit . . . stirs the mind"
—*CHOICE*

The Magic Whorehouse – $4.25
provocative tales by Thomas Tolnay
evocative art by David Itchkawich
"warm-spirited eloquence"
—VILLAGE VOICE

New Year's Eve 1929 – $4.50
timeless novel by James T. Farrell
"proves Farrell deserved
Nobel nomination"
—*NY TIMES*

The Smith
5 Beekman St. N.Y.C. 10038
clip & mail

distributed by Horizon Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reagan for the appointment of Alexander Haig as secretary of state, and Nixon has been conducting the advanced political education of Senator Charles Percy, the new chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. A photograph in the December 15, 1980, issue of *Time* shows Reagan at his desk in his Pacific Palisades home with one book prominently displayed at his right hand: Richard Nixon's *The Real War*. The new president apparently was trying to tell us something.

Kissinger also seems to have changed his mind, in the 10 months before the Soviet embassy party, about how to handle the Soviets. On that occasion, his formula was little more than pop psychiatry—the Soviets wanted external limits to be put on them, and all the Americans had to do was to oblige. In a speech in January 1980 recorded in *For the Record*, however, he had something more to say about treating the Soviets as if they were a psychiatric problem. He ridiculed "the tendency to deal with East-West relations as if they were like relations among individuals, the tendency to attempt to solve the problem of war and peace psychiatrically," and warned that "the worst method in negotiations with the Soviet Union is the psychiatric approach." What was altogether wrong at a business-management forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January was just right at the Soviet embassy in Washington, DC, in November. The cream of the jest is that Dr. Kissinger's prescription for handling the Soviets was right out of Dr. Spock's immortal opus on child care:

> A child, like an adult, knows when she is getting away with too much naughtiness or rudeness even when her parents are trying to close their eyes to it. She feels guilty inside. She would like to be stopped. But if she isn't corrected, she's likely to behave worse and worse. It's as if she were saying, 'How bad do I have to be before somebody stops me?' (*Baby and Child Care*, Pocket Books.)

A practical consequence of these confusions and contradictions is that Nixon and Kissinger willingly answered the summons of Ambassador Dobrynin. Somehow these two found themselves together once more. The United States could boycott the Moscow Olympics, but the former president and secretary of state could not boycott a celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution. They were the glittering prizes among the phalanx of Republican contributors, consultants, and former administration aides who also could not resist the call.

If this were only the personal behavior of two of our former high officeholders it would be sad enough. But far more important is the practical policy implied by this behavior. Before they made their deals with the Soviets in 1971-72, Nixon and Kissinger regarded themselves and were regarded as two of the hardest of hard-liners. They were fully conscious that this reputation enabled them to make deals that others might have flinched from or might not have been able to put across. The Nixon-Kissinger type of hard line can act as the cover for a Soviet-American deal or, as Kissinger put it, as a route to ultimate cooperation. Ambassador Dobrynin knew something from long experience when he greeted them and his other Republican guests with unwonted warmth and familiarity.

The question now is whether this kind of hard line is going to be the course of the Reagan administration. Kissinger, like Nixon, clearly is staging a political comeback through a personal relationship with president-elect Reagan. A way evidently has been found to make use of Kissinger in a Reagan administration. While there has been much hullabaloo about getting rid of two rival, duplicative centers of foreign policy around the secretary of state and the assistant for national security affairs, we may be getting something very different—a troika. The French have a word for the third member: *éminence grise*. Kissinger already has made a start on his new career with his junket to the Middle East as a "private citizen" with Reagan's approval and with a commission to report back to the new president. An Associated Press dispatch interpreted his role to mean that Kissinger had been sent "on an unofficial exploratory mission for the Reagan administration." An unofficial mission made officially would seem to be an unmistakable formula for an *éminence grise*. Since president-elect Reagan seems to need a plethora of advisers and middlemen, he should have no trouble adding one more to his foreign policy entourage, especially if the move can be disguised as "unofficial." If Reagan should turn out to be a weak president and Haig a hapless secretary of state, as is not impossible, they would be the perfect combination to be Kissingerized. The operation might require the appearance of crisis for the Republic or for the president, but such an eventuality can hardly be ruled out in the next four years. Uneasy lies the head of a vulnerable secretary of state with Kissinger waiting in the wings and his chief former aide already in place. That Haig apparently has acquiesced in Kissinger's new role will not save him when his time should be up. Politics makes ungrateful bedfellows. The extraordinary saga of Henry Kissinger goes on.

Theodore Draper

Theodore Draper is the author of *The Roots of American Communism* and *American Communism and Soviet Russia*, both published by Viking Press.

Who Knew What and When

The Terrible Secret: Suppression of the Truth About Hitler's 'Final Solution' by Walter Laqueur

(Little, Brown; $12.95)

In April 1979 two CIA employees made public an aerial photograph of Auschwitz, complete with gas chambers, crematoria, and a group of prisoners lined up for "registration." The picture was reprinted in several places, most dramatically in the April issue of *Life*, along with a brief commentary to let us know that the photo was taken on August 25, 1944, and that the men who took it "had no inkling of the grisly installation that lay below." After the mission, the picture was "routinely studied" and then filed away with "dozens" of similar photos. Dozens? Yes, but lest we be misled, one of the CIA men "suspects," as he says, "that the Allies might have mistaken Auschwitz for an ordi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nary prison camp." Which is to say that as late in the war as 1944—but with half a million Hungarian Jews still to perish—Allied forces did not know what Auschwitz was. For if planes could shoot it with cameras, why couldn't they stop it with bombs? If, that is, the truth were known?

HOW EARLY in the war the Nazi destruction of the European Jews became known, who knew, and how they found out is the subject of Walter Laqueur's *The Terrible Secret*. Much of his material is old territory, and Laqueur therefore moves swiftly, with brilliant concentration. He presses his facts to yield a single shocking point, and the result is close to a landmark study, not of the Holocaust directly but of the way in which people at every level of involvement responded to incoming information about the massacres and death camps. Comments appended to the Auschwitz photo in *Life* imply that the picture was information without a context, evidence in a void. But in fact, atrocity information never comes from one source only, especially when energized by the urgent chaos of war. An event involving many thousands of people cannot be controlled or kept secret: information leaks, seeps, glares, and finally shouts. Anyone in intelligence knows this, of course; and contrary to CIA remarks, the first things we see from Laqueur's book are that information poured in from all sides, and that by August 1944 there was no mistaking Auschwitz for an "ordinary" camp. The crucial period of discovery was 1942: by the end of that year everybody knew. By "everybody" I mean the majority of Germans; all world Jewish organizations; the leadership of European Jewish communities still alive; and, in departments geared to the war effort, all top officials in the Allied governments.

The mass murder of Jews at Babi Yar, for example, was confirmed by the US embassy in Moscow, from Soviet sources, in January 1942. In March the OSS started circulating in-house reports about "systematic liquidation of the Jews." When the Warsaw Ghetto deportations began, on July 22, the Polish underground got word to London within five days. The newspapers, meanwhile, ran more and more stories of Nazi atrocities, the Swiss papers especially, but also papers in England and America. In July the *New York Times* reported bravely (but not, of course, on the front page) that a million Jews already had died. In August the State Department began bitter infighting over what to do about the Riegner letter, which claimed that the atrocities were not sporadic but deliberate steps in Hitler's "plan" to kill all Jews. By the end of the year, against State Department wishes, the UN declaration of December 17 officially announced that Europe's Jews were the special target of "cold-blooded extermination." Papers everywhere spread the word, and after that the stream of information became a flood. That Auschwitz was a killing center as well as a work camp was first reported in September 1942, and confirmed beyond doubt by the middle of 1943. In April 1944, two Jews escaped from Auschwitz and delivered a 30-page report describing killing techniques and the camp's physical layout. Four months later the OSS—now the CIA—snapped its photo.

Laqueur is not out to blame or indict; he wants to chart the general response to news of the Final Solution in order to understand why the terrible secret so long remained—and in part still remains—a secret. He piles up the facts and scans them selectively, much as they must have piled up and been selectively considered by the Jews, the Germans, the British Foreign Office, and the State Department. The outcome is surprising and at the same time familiar to a sickening degree: the decisive and nearly universal response to atrocity information during the crucial year of 1942 was a combination of psychological denial and strategic suppression, a double-forked rejection of reality which, to put it in terms more harsh than Laqueur would probably approve, was a fatal mix of mass repression and political lying.

The victims of Hitler's death sweep have often been castigated for going to their deaths "like lemmings," as Bruno Bettelheim once wrote. Blaming the victim is a classic response to misfortune. Many Jews did deny evidence of their impending fate, and certain of their leaders did suppress what could be known. This is a very sensitive point, and Laqueur, to his credit, handles the issue with kindness and tragic understanding. *The Terrible Secret* makes clear that the Jews were by no means alone in their mistaken attitude toward reports of atrocity. Everybody else made the same mistake. The ability to absorb information but not believe it was the universal pattern. One of the sadder ironies is that even when Jews did know, they toned down their appeals to the Allies, fearing—correctly—that the full truth would be taken as exaggeration, as another bit of Jewish or Zionist propaganda to be filed and dismissed.

What is amazing is the amount of information available, how fast it came in, and how many different sources supplied it. It came by word of mouth, by personal letter, by coincidence and accident; it arrived by way of underground organizations, journalists, survivors who escaped, agencies in the neutral countries, official diplomatic channels and clandestine contacts, and finally through individuals with nothing at stake beyond private conscience. Until the Nazis caught them, for example, the Swiss colony in Warsaw conducted a covert courier service that delivered written reports (and even film footage) to London via Sweden. The Polish underground sent regular radio messages to the Polish government-in-exile in London, including carefully documented statements prepared by Emmanuel Ringelblum and his circle in the Warsaw Ghetto. Thus, in December 1941, when the first of the death camps, Chelmno, began to gas victims in moving vans, dumping them into mass graves, three grave-diggers escaped to Warsaw and told their story to Ringelblum, who wrote a detailed description of operations at Chelmno. It reached London in June and appeared in American newspapers in July 1942.

LAQUEUR'S account of how the German civilian population came to know is especially interesting. The first phase of killing was carried out by the special SS death squads, the *Einsatzgruppen*; and since they did their work in zones occupied by the regular army, they reported to, and sometimes requested assistance from, the *Wehrmacht*. A large number of soldiers thus saw,

"Boswell of the avant-garde . . ."
N.Y. Times
SIDNEY BERNARD
This Way to the Apocalypse: the 60's
(hardbound, $5.95)
Witnessing the Seventies
(hardbound, $12.95)
(both, $15.00)
State of Culture Press
5 Beekman St. (Rm 614)
NYC 10038

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard about, or participated in these "actions." From this source, as Nazi intelligence confirmed, the first wave of information spilled back into the fatherland. Soldiers on leave talked about what they had seen, heard, done. They boasted, they confessed, they trembled with terrible stories, needing to be encouraged in their actions and absolved of their guilt by sharing it with others—family, girl friends, other men home on leave. They also passed around snapshots of specific atrocities. This practice became so widespread that Nazi leaders issued an order against taking photos, and another order, in 1942, commanding that all existing pictures be turned in. The Jews had disappeared, that much was undeniable; and then witnesses by the hundreds came back from occupied territories to say that the Jews were being murdered *en masse*.

OTHER witnesses said the same thing: businessmen, engineers, all manner of civilians from both Germany and the neutral countries who happened to be passing through the eastern zone. Large numbers of people connected with the trains also had strange stories to tell, items augmented by information passed about by thousands of men and women in the civilian and military bureaucracies, whose job was to process documents and file the trajectory of events. And the bureaucrats, in turn, had to deal with thousands of other people, in the banks, in insurance companies, in the courts, all working to sort out legal claims and property rights in cases of dead Jews. All these people talked, inquired, wrote letters, kept diaries, consulted with friends and colleagues.

And slowly, word began to come in from populations living in the locale of the death camps. Their chief complaint was the smell. At Auschwitz, furthermore, big German corporations set up factories where both local people and Germans came into daily contact with thousands of inmates from the camp. And back home, finally, citizens with radios had a further source: foreign stations were broadcasting news of the atrocities. Between November 1941 and September 1942, Thomas Mann spoke over the BBC to his countrymen of awful actions, of gassing, of what was said about the trains. After the war 51 percent of the German population admitted to having listened to such broadcasts at least once, despite grave danger.

Foreign radio reports might be propaganda. A particular horror story might be an exceptional case. And rumor is, after all, only rumor. Or is it? Rumor is metamorphic and changes constantly; hearsay that stays stubbornly the same is therefore something more than rumor merely, especially when backed up by other sources. "Each successive piece of evidence," as Laqueur sums it up, "would not just be proof added to proof, but proof multiplied by hundreds of thousands. Thus, by the end of 1942, millions in Germany knew that the Jewish question had been radically solved. . . ."

Laqueur relies on official documents as a matter of course, but he also has a keen appreciation for the evidence of daily routine and for the human element in historical events. This leads him to odd and often fascinating kinds of secondary evidence, to rumors, private mail, newspapers both great and small, and not least, to the enormous power of word of mouth. Used in concert, these sources yield insights that can, in turn, be used to dig out hard evidence in unlikely places, and within the framework of emergent fact Laqueur extends his reach still further by carefully controlled speculation.

Ultra, the British code-deciphering operation, broke both the SS and the *Abwehr* (military intelligence) codes in late 1941. At that time Hitler's mobile killing units were sweeping through the occupied land to the east; they massacred all Jews in their path and sent back radio reports stating the number of victims killed per day. The British therefore could have known that systematic murder was under way months before the main killing centers became active. Also in February 1941 the British broke the German railway code, and from then on as a matter of military importance they monitored all German train movements. What did they think—and do—when they discovered a mysterious concentration of railway traffic moving not to the front or to supply depots, but with furious and accelerating constancy to an empty spot in southwest Poland? The Ultra files are not available, but any military intelligence worth its salt would not allow such a striking development to go unexamined.

The British Foreign Office, and therefore the State Department, did know about Auschwitz. In the summer of 1943 they debated bombing the camp, but decided not to. Their reasoning may be seen in Bernard Wasserstein's *Britain and the Jews of Europe 1939-1945*. A study now in progress by David S. Wyman, due out next year from Pantheon, will be chilling indeed, to judge from Wyman's article, "Why Auschwitz Was Never Bombed," in the May 1978 issue of *Commentary*. Laqueur, on the other hand, does not attempt to answer the big question. His approach always has been to study a specific problem within definite limits, in this case the problem of determining "who knew what and when." This limited objective offers a solid starting point for those who might wish to inquire why the sovereignty of Auschwitz was not challenged.

EXISTING evidence suggests that neither the British nor the Americans, and certainly not the Soviets, were much troubled by the fate of the Jews. What was happening in the wastes of Poland was low on the list of priorities, and as Roosevelt often repeated, the war effort came first; all problems would end when the war ended. Laqueur allows the benefit of the doubt where doubt is possible. For example, early hesitation toward reports of atrocity had real roots in the fear of being fooled by propaganda. Everyone remembered the outrageous exaggerations and stupid lying—for instance, that the Germans were turning the dead into soap—from the shameful days of World War I. Even so, during the crucial period of 1942 the conduct of Allied leaders was shameful in another way.

By July 1942 London and Washington knew for certain that the Jews were suffering some kind of murderous catastrophe. But the rationale for such unprecedented crime was not clear and officials were genuinely perplexed. Then in August the Riegner letter arrived, and the mass of information assumed a coherent design. Murder of all Jews was planned in Hitler's headquarters, and the Nazi goal was "at one

"Like the Dries who refused to retire/After alcohol flowed in the street/Or the dandy in dated attire/Still dispensing his *cartes de visite*,/Teddy Kennedy stands at his station/Facing back toward the liberal past/With apparently no intimation/That we're changing the play and the cast."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. R-7, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blow to resolve once and for all the Jewish Question in Europe." One of the inexplicable quirks of the wartime mentality is that it tends to put more trust in information that comes straight from the enemy, and what gave the Riegner report special authority was the claim that this information came directly from Germany and had been passed on by a highly placed "German industrialist."

In London the Foreign Office feared that Riegner's letter would have "embarrassing repercussions" if publicly acknowledged. In Washington the State Department also found the letter inconvenient; if they acknowledged it, they would "come under pressure to do something." They therefore preferred to call the whole business "fantastic." But pressure to do something kept building, more evidence came in, and when Congressman Hamilton Fish inquired about the delay, the State Department replied, through R. B. Reams (in charge of Jewish affairs in the European Division), with its eternal, all-purpose answer: Reams said that "this whole matter was now under consideration," and that "these reports to the best of my knowledge were as yet unconfirmed."

After three months of stalling (with 12,000 people dying each day in Auschwitz), the British decided to go ahead with the December Declaration, leaving the State Department with no option but to go along (not, however, without haggling over the wording), and the truth finally became official. We can gauge resistance to the Declaration from two items among many. Two days after it was issued, a State Department cable to San Jose claimed that there was no real confirmation of the Declaration "from other sources (except from a Jewish leader in Geneva)." And two months later, Breckinridge Long, another State Department warrior, told the US minister to Switzerland that influential circles in Washington would much prefer not to have more messages of Riegner's sort circulated. But in any case, the truth was out and available. Quite possibly the photographers in the plane that flew over Auschwitz "had no inkling." But others did. That is why the flight was assigned.

I hesitate to say this about events so serious and terrible, but Laqueur's book has a certain fascination. Very much like a detective novel, each chapter plays out the same drama, among the victims, among Germans, among the Allies, as we watch the gathering weight of evidence slowly overcome the will not to believe. The Jews denied reality out of fear and helplessness, the Germans denied it out of guilt, the Allies denied it out of shame, but also for reasons of expediency and a limited but steady strain of anti-Semitism. I do not know if Laqueur intended the irony of his title, but it strikes me that "the terrible secret" is still in force: exactly as he described it, the combination of fear and shame, of psychological repression and political suppression, characterizes our own predicament today. We saw it in our response to Vietnam and Cambodia, we see it currently in relation to events in Latin America, and we may see it as we draw closer to nuclear war than we ever have been before.

Despite much searching, Laqueur was not able to determine the name or position of the "German industrialist" whom Riegner claimed as the source of his letter. From unpublished evidence, ultimately based on word of mouth, but which came to me through a scholar whom I trust and whose credentials are impeccable, I shall simply say that Riegner never revealed his German source because he had none. Between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of August 11, 1979, at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, the phone rang and information was offered which, if true, means that Riegner's source was a British intelligence agent in Switzerland who feared that his own report to British intelligence would be suppressed or not believed. He, in turn, got his information from an old school friend, a German economic adviser traveling between Switzerland and Germany. If so, Riegner's message already was technically possessed by the Allies, but it would be taken seriously only if delivered with outside endorsement. Hence the "German industrialist." Hence the bizarre, pathetic ways that men devise to disarm disbelief.

Terrence Des Pres

Terrence Des Pres is author of *The Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps* (Oxford University Press).

A Passage to China

The Chinese: Portrait of a People
by John Fraser

(Summit Books; $14.95)

China is oo serious an issue to be left to the China experts. With one such potshot I do not wish to hit accidentally some innocent bystanders (or even respected colleagues). The term "China experts" should be understood in a precise and narrow sense: not exactly scholars or journalists, but rather media stars—people like Ross Terrill or Edward Friedman. Careless journalists may mistake them for scholars, and absent-minded scholars assume they are journalists, whereas laymen believe them to be experts.

John Fraser has brilliantly demonstrated that China can't be left to these experts. A daring outsider who has shown serene contempt for all the basic principles, prescriptions, and taboos laid down by authoritative specialists and scholars, Fraser has had the cheek to write a most timely, perceptive, affecting, informative, witty, intelligent, engrossing, and compassionate book in a field out of which we despaired to see anything grow since it had been crushed under too many solemn steamrollers of the politico-academic establishment.

As you may still remember—it was not so long ago—some of our China experts had decreed that it was utterly wrong to apply standards of common sense and common decency to the analysis of the Maoist experiment. Maoland, they said, "had to be perceived on Maoist terms." (Whether the Gulag Archipelago should also be perceived on Stalinist terms, they did not elaborate.) They worked out an entire philosophy along those lines. It even had a name, "the China Difference." According to this remarkable doctrine, Chinese people were so different from the rest of mankind that they had no need for human rights and no desire for individual justice. They generally enjoyed being oppressed, they relished the grotesque and demeaning Mao-cult that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been imposed upon them, they found inexhaustible satisfaction and excitement in building socialism and increasing production, they were more keen on studying the chairman's thoughts than in making love to their sweethearts, they heartily approved being denied privacy and being divested of their beloved and splendid culture—they even gratefully cheered Madame Mao when she substituted her half-dozen measly "model plays" for the magnificent and popular repertory of traditional opera! All this may appear a bit tough to swallow without help—which precisely explains the need for these China experts, and why their China expertise had to be such an abstruse discipline. (Eventually the Chinese themselves were to express their own views on these various subjects, and they did it in such a forceful way that they might have ruined the experts' industry were it not that expertise is, by definition, unflappable, unsinkable, indestructible, evidence-proof, and well protected by self-induced amnesia.)

To one who goes to China, prior knowledge of Chinese language, culture, and history is certainly a considerable asset. However useful, this mental baggage remains of secondary importance when compared with a first and more fundamental piece of equipment—a receptive heart. This kind of awareness (which Fraser exemplifies so beautifully) could be summarized by E. M. Forster's famous injunction, "only connect"; the recipe seems simple, but it is also amazingly demanding. To be attuned to people means to look at them not as potential informants or typical representatives of a certain collectivity, but as so many unique individuals; it implies acceptance of all the risks of personal involvement: to remain constantly open, to become vulnerable; it requires curiosity, uncommon capacity for attention, generosity, sometimes even abandon to spontaneous impulses.

This is not to say that one can disregard intelligence, professional competence, information, rational analysis, or scholarly knowledge (with which, by the way, Fraser is well supplied). This essential ability to "connect" is a prerequisite without which even experts remain condemned to err, and they will err all the more wildly as they are loaded with more authoritative expertise. Without this awareness of the heart, all other intellectual assets remain incoherent and sterile, if not downright misleading. It is not simply that educated fools are to be feared more than plain ones, but that heartless intelligence can turn into the most harmful form of disinformation. Conversely, as shown by Fraser's example, the gathering and interpretation of information is hardly a problem for a sensitive person who "connects" with his new surroundings—his understanding sinks roots and develops at stupendous speed, as he is guided both by a sure perception of human realities and by an awareness of his own limits.

John Fraser was theater and ballet critic for the *Toronto Globe and Mail* until an editor with a taste for practical jokes decided to send him as correspondent to Peking in 1977—seemingly thus setting the stage for a remake of Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*. At least this is how Fraser himself tells the story in his characteristically unassuming and self-deprecatory fashion. But it is a story I will not buy. Actually, the editor who dispatched Fraser to China was a shrewd man who knew very well what he was doing and whom he was sending: he was simply sending to Peking one of his best men, a superb professional journalist. The result of the assignment was bound to be of uncommon interest.

Newcomers to China in the colonial-imperialist era usually were shocked at the sight of the oppression, injustice, and misery that were crushing the Chinese people. Old China hands would then tell these naive bleeding hearts not to worry unduly: "The Chinese are different, actually you can starve these coolies, kick them, they do not feel a thing." Old China hands of yesterday now have been replaced by China experts who, in different language, express essentially the same message. Fraser read them all dutifully before leaving Canada, and rebelled against them once he reached China. In the first part of his book, he retraces this double process of "unlearning" and of new discovery. He tells of how, on the one hand, he shed the false and callous wisdom of our fashionable Sinologists; and how, on the other hand, he struggled against all official barriers and followed his own better instinct in establishing genuine Chinese connections, which were eventually to propel him into the maelstrom of history in the making. In a letter to a friend, he summarized this entire evolution:

> I had discovered that all the claptrap I had been told about not bringing Western values to bear on China was incorrectly conceived. Of course, Chinese culture, history and experience were different than ours, but the diversity in the human condition was being employed by misguided friends of China to deny the condition itself to a billion people. Instinctively I knew this the moment I arrived in Peking. I resented from the start being cut off from the people around me. Elizabeth (my wife) and I, during the first year when no meaningful friendships and contacts could be had, pushed out on the city, in a manic, ferocious way. I remember vividly ice-skating in the park north of Beihai and scouting around people who seemed to be laughing or who gave some other evidence of a free spirit, and then I would connive to be a bad skater and bump into them, just to force a brief kind of conversation—to have some contact. . . . Life in Peking was festooned with barriers and walls and it required a creative leap of the imagination to get over them (what a perfect irony that it was a wall—the Xidan "Democracy Wall"—that was my principal means of getting beyond the barrier of totalitarianism and fear!) How I wandered through the backlanes, the *hutongs*, longing to be invited in through the gates! It used to make me ache. And when we did get beyond the walls for the first time in December 1978, I felt a sense of wonder and achievement that I will never be able to describe properly.

On his way toward the momentous revelation that was awaiting him at the Xidan Democracy Wall, Fraser had a number of experiences which he describes with the sharp wit of a brilliant journalist, but also with the sensitivity of a man who has boundless interest for people. He can detect redeeming features even in fools, phonies, and crooks.

PUT YOUR BELIEFS INTO ACTION

OPEN Invest in Open Housing

Help fight racial segregation. Invest in a non-profit fund which finances affordable mortgages for minorities and whites making housing moves that foster racially diverse neighborhoods. You can earn 8-10% on 7-20 year $1,000 debentures.

For facts, clip and mail to

Morris Milgram NR 15
Fund for an OPEN Society
1901 East-West Highway, T-2
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

This is not an offer to sell these securities. The offering is made only by the Investment Description – available only in states where these securities may be offered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Only one person in the entire book is not granted any mercy: French ambassador Arnaud, whose pompous stupidity is beyond redemption.) There are anthology pieces: for instance, a sketch of the great writer Mao Dun who, in his final bureaucratic apotheosis, has come to resemble, depressingly, a character out of his own novels. There are many moving encounters. Fraser is blessed with a gift for laughter and for tears, and with the talent to communicate them to his reader; he does not "measure his emotions as if they were potatoes," to quote Forster once more. (It is not an accident if his name haunts me here. Human barriers of colonial India and those of Maoist China may have little in common, but the impulse to overcome them is the same.) The excursions out of China are no less memorable. The chapter on Tibet is in itself a tour de force. It should be easier to milk a bull than to extract a fresh report out of a guided press tour to Lhasa, and yet Fraser's account is uniquely perceptive and affecting. Taiwan and Vietnam are also objects of original and challenging observations. Yet it would be impossible to itemize here all the highlights of the book. They are too many. Let each reader have the pleasure of discovering them for him or herself.

The climax of the book—reflecting the climax of Fraser's Chinese experience—is the narrative of his contacts with the Democracy movement in Peking, a historical episode which he not only witnessed at close range, but in which he became directly involved through an extraordinary set of circumstances. A full analysis and assessment of the Democracy movement, which began in November 1978 and continued until April 1979, will be a task for future historians; in their work they will rely on Chinese sources, the posters and publications of the activists, but also on the invaluable information provided essentially by four Western journalists who performed admirable work during these dramatic months, and whose names deserve to be recorded: Georges Biannic and Francis Deron (Agence France-Presse), Nigel Wade (*Daily Telegraph*), and Fraser himself. And let no one say that these journalists merely "did their job," or we might have to ask painful questions as to why so many of their colleagues preferred, in this particular occurrence, to do less than their job.

The days of the Democracy Wall were nothing short of miraculous. Filled with enthusiasm, fever, and hope, they suddenly opened new perspectives for China. The movement ended dramatically. The eventual suppression of the short-lived "Peking Spring" was, alas, all too predictable. The present performance of a communist leadership which is trying to rid China of her Maoist heritage calls to mind Alexandre Vialatte's observation on the eradication of cannibalism in a tropical republic; all the cannibals have disappeared there, he said, since the local authorities ate the last ones. Nevertheless, thanks to this handful of exceptionally brave and competent journalists, the communist bureaucrats were frustrated in their attempt to keep the entire episode within the confines of a strictly Chinese audience. The tragedy was played in front of the entire world. Fraser's account of this momentous period is gripping; it stands as a worthy memorial to the brave people who, without entertaining any illusions about their own future, sacrificed themselves so that China might hope to move out of the Maoist rut. It is also a testimony to Fraser's own courage and generosity. When he felt morally compelled to answer the expectations of the crowd, and addressed a gathering of 10,000 people at Xidan, he took a considerable risk for his career and for himself.

If, in order to review a book properly, one ought to be objective and detached, I am certainly ill qualified to review this one. Actually, I am even afraid that the very vehemence of my enthusiasm might prove harmful to it. Don't get the wrong idea. This is not a debunking, bitter, or sarcastic book. On the contrary, its approach is warm and engaging. If the China friendship associations and other well-meaning groups had half as much common sense as zeal, they would make this book compulsory reading for all their members. It would help them at last to fulfill their professed aim, which, after all, is not to foster blind worship for China's ephemeral supreme leaders, fascist cliques, and ruling gangs, but to encourage deeper respect, understanding, and love for the Chinese people.

Simon Leys

Simon Leys is the author of *Chinese Shadows* (Viking).

Painter of Character

Personal Impressions by Isaiah Berlin

(Viking; $13.95)

All Oxford dons love to talk. Those Oxford dons who are also philosophers add a penchant for analysis and making fine distinctions to their love of talk. In that sense, Isaiah Berlin, a protean figure whose talents extend far and wide over the realms of ideas, literature, contemporary affairs, history, music, and the human comedy in general, has never ceased being an Oxford philosopher. These memoirs—of notable 20th-century figures ranging from Churchill and Weizmann to Frankfurter and Aldous Huxley to a group of distinguished Oxonians including Austin, Bowra, Namier, and Pares to Pasternak, Akhmatova, Roosevelt, and Einstein (Berlin knew all but the last two personally)—resound with the voices of their subjects. But although they may be described fairly as affectionate, praise is at no time indiscriminate, and never excludes definition and refinement.

Which does not mean that superlatives are not awarded. Churchill was "the largest human being of our time"; Roosevelt "the greatest champion of social progress in the 20th century"; no man ever had a monument comparable to Weizmann's—the state of Israel—built in his own lifetime; Maurice Bowra was the greatest English wit of his day; the Russian actor Kachalov was the best Berlin had seen in his life, the historian Richard Pares was the most admirable man he had ever known. But the point is that those accolades are never "congratulatory firsts," honors awarded on the basis of the written record without subsequent interrogation. Merely dubbing someone great or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outstanding does not satisfy Berlin. He rejoices in variety. He wants to know precisely how one remarkable human being differs from another. Thus his emphasis throughout these essays is often on the qualities their subjects did *not* possess—the intention being to sharpen our perceptions of those qualities that actually distinguished them.

Churchill and Roosevelt, for example, shared a love of life and a sanguine view of what the future would hold. But unlike Roosevelt, who

> like all great innovators had a half-conscious premonitory awareness of the coming shape of society, not wholly unlike that of an artist, Churchill, for all his extrovert air, looks within, and his strongest sense is the sense of the past.

Unlike Roosevelt, again, Churchill did not reflect his social or moral world in concentrated fashion, but created one of his own "of such power and coherence that it becomes a reality and alters the external world by being imposed upon it with irresistible force." For his part, Roosevelt, like Churchill, might have offered his nation blood and sweat, but not tears. His genius lacked Churchill's tragic dimension. Weizmann's unshakable authority derived from his natural qualities: "He did not exaggerate or play up even his own characteristics. He was not an actor. He dramatised neither himself nor his interlocutors. He cultivated no idiosyncrasies." Frankfurter's Anglomania was not snobbery, but part and parcel of a passion

> for all that was sane, refined, not shoddy, civilized, moderate, peaceful, the opposite of brutal, decent—for the liberal and constitutional traditions that before 1914 were so dear to the hearts and imaginations especially of those brought up in eastern or central Europe.

During the prewar stage of his thought, the philosopher John Austin was not doctrinaire, did not hold with programs, did not wish to destroy one establishment in the interests of another: "He treated problems piecemeal as they came, not as part of a systematic reinterpretation." On a visit to India, Aldous Huxley did not, contrary to common belief, talk like an encyclopedia.

> Nor were the hatred of the flesh, the puritanical streak, the ascetic's obsession with scatological detail which his writings sometimes betray, ever in evidence; nor was his conversation strewn with oddly assorted bric-a-brac of abstract knowledge; nor did he ever behave like a writer conscious of his status as a great man.

Here, as elsewhere, Berlin, in search of biographical truth, works like the painter who darkens certain parts of his canvas in order to bring out the colors he wishes to emphasize elsewhere.

He is, in any event, fascinated by contrasts and unexpected conjunctions. That, in different ways, Churchill and Roosevelt combined hardheadedness and imagination, reason and emotion, in their modes of leadership; that Weizmann's vision of a Jewish state confounded the realists in the government departments of England, France, and the United States; that the great 18th-century historian Lewis Namier, whose historical writings gave evidence that he was the child of a positivistic, deflationary, anti-romantic age, also possessed a deep natural romanticism which emerged in his politics—these are phenomena that, perhaps not unexpectedly, delight and fascinate the author of *The Hedgehog and the Fox*.

OXFORD DONS love to talk, and Berlin not least among them. But he is also a marvelous listener, and one not averse to recalling and preserving comments critical of himself, whether it be Namier's reprimand to him in 1932 (Berlin was 23 at the time) for writing on Marx rather than Freud: "'Marx! Marx!,' he kept intoning, 'a typical Jewish half-charlatan who got hold of quite a good idea and then ran it to death just to spite the Gentiles,'" or Austin's reaction to Berlin's expounding C. I. Lewis's doctrine of specific, sensible characteristics (*qualia*) at an All Souls seminar four years later: "Austin glared at me sternly and said, 'Would you mind saying that again.' I did so. 'It seems to me,' said Austin, speakly slowly, 'that what you have just said is complete nonsense.'" The reader can only be grateful for the preservation of those words, which conjure up not only the personalities of those who spoke them, but also evoke a feeling of envy for a period and a place in which uninhibited strictures were exchanged by interlocutors of such great stature.

Berlin is as interested in manner of speech as he is in its substance. Namier produced "a curious mooing sound which blocked the gaps between his sentences and made interruption literally impossible." Bowra's wit was verbal and cumulative: "The words came in short sharp bursts of precisely aimed, concentrated fire, as image, pun, metaphor, parody, seemed spontaneously to generate one another in a succession of marvelously imaginative patterns, sometimes rising to high, wildly comical fantasy." Aldous Huxley "spoke with serenity and disarming sincerity, very simply. There was no malice and very little conscious irony in his conversation, only the mildest and gentlest mockery of the most innocent kind." Nothing brings people to life more vividly than comments of this sort, and we must count ourselves lucky that someone with Berlin's sensitivity to language was there to observe and listen.

Sir Isaiah's keen ear—as well as his knowledge of Russian—stand him in particularly good stead in the course of his stay in the Soviet Union in 1945. It is then that he had those meetings with two writers of genius, Boris Pasternak and Anna Akhmatova, accounts of which, almost unbearably moving, constitute the final essay in this volume. The emotional effect of those accounts derives from the situation in which Russian writers of integrity then found themselves. They were still under siege, with indelible memories of the murder, repression, and (at the very least) harassment of relatives, colleagues, and friends; yet, under the impact of the Allied victory over the Nazis, they were temporarily tolerated by the state, and able to talk to Western visitors who had the ingenuity and persistence to seek them out. Berlin was one of those visitors. Pasternak

> spoke slowly, in a low tenor monotone, with a continuous, even sound, something between a humming and a drone which those who met him almost always remarked; each vowel was elongated as if in some plaintive, lyrical vein in an opera by Tchaikovsky, but with more concentrated force and tension.

He tells Berlin that he is at that moment writing something entirely different from his previous works: "something new, luminous, elegant, harmonious, well-proportioned, classically pure and simple—what Winckelmann wanted, yes, and Goethe, and this will be my last word, and most important word, to the world." That work was *Doctor Zhivago*.

Pasternak's speech, so Berlin tells us, was that of a poet, often overflowing the banks of grammatical structure.

> Lucid passages were succeeded by wild but always marvelously vivid and concrete images—and these might be followed by dark words when it was difficult to follow him—and then he would suddenly come into the clear again.

Berlin got to know Pasternak well during a subsequent visit to the Soviet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Union in 1956. He claims that nonetheless he cannot describe the transforming effect of the great writer's presence, voice, and gesture. In fact, his essay manages to convey all of that.

It does the same for Akhmatova, who recites her poems to him in Leningrad, including the unfinished "Poem without a Hero," and speaks to him late at night of her personal and cultural loneliness and isolation. "The account of the unrelieved tragedy of her life," Berlin writes, "went far beyond anything which anyone had ever described to me in spoken words; they made me suffer; the recollection of them is still painful to me." Painful also to us, the readers. But uplifting as well, because of the nobility of spirit that shines through. If for no other reason—and there are plenty of others—this is a book worth treasuring.

John Clive

John Clive is professor of history at Harvard University.

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Associations

IS YOUR GIFTED CHILD BEING SHORT-CHANGED? Join POGS (Parents of Gifted Students). $20 a year includes 10 issue newsletter. 625 Post Street, Suite 609B, San Francisco, CA 94109.

THEMM-The Equally Moral Minority. Bullock, 5072 Stoneboat, Columbia, MD 21044.

Business Opportunities

Entrepreneurs wanted! Former Shaklee president announces new business opportunity. Free details! Enhance, P.O. Box 22726J, Robbinsdale, MN 55422.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC., Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Blankets

ORGONE ENERGY BLANKETS, a Life Energy device invented by Wilhelm Reich, M.D. Three layer construction. Use blanket to absorb healing life energy directly from atmosphere. Instructions included. $99.00. Also Reichian Dor Busters $399; Lakhovsky Multi-Wave Oscillators $499; Hermes Project psychic communi-ca-tors; ELF generators and more! Orgone Energy Works, Box 189, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709.

Clothing

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!
HEAVY COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS
Durable comfort in Natural • SkyBlue • Navy • Pecan Plum • Black • White —State hip/waist measurements
$15 postpaid · Free Catalogue and swatches
DEVA, Box NX2 Burkittsville, Maryland 21718

Collectibles

Fine chinaware, figurines, crystal, collectibles direct from West Germany to you. Full-color catalogue $1. Lorey U.S.A., P.O. Box 234H, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272.

Colleges/Universities

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

WORK, FAMILY, AND COLLEGE. IMPOSSIBLE? Not at Goddard; low residency ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM. Accredited B.A. Write Box NR 1, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667. Affirmative Admissions.

INTERNATIONAL EXPERIENCE DURING YOUR COLLEGE CAREER. Interested in professional work abroad in intercultural communications, Third World development, economics, environment, peace? World Issues Program combines internship abroad with study on multicultural campus at the School for International Training. Accredited senior college (junior and senior years). Bachelor's program. Write Dept. A, World Issues Program, SIT, The Experiment in International Living, Brattleboro, VT 05301. 1-800-451-4465.

Employment Opportunities

Coordinator for Revolving Loan Fund
The Industrial Cooperative Association (ICA) is seeking a staff person to research, develop and coordinate a revolving, high risk-capital loan fund for worker cooperatives. MBA or work equivalent; experience in financial management, fundraising or marketing and commitment to workplace democracy required. Previous experience with cooperatives preferred. Applications from Third World candidates and women encouraged. Salary range is between $15,000-$18,000 depending upon qualifications. Please send letter of application and resume to: The Industrial Cooperative Association, 249 Elm St., Sommerville, MA 02144.

Financial

Scientist's Innovative methods lets you fire your boss, gain financial independence! Incomparable business finds! Free information! Calydon, Box 434R, 535 Cordova, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

FIRE YOUR BOSS! Gain wealth with PhD scientist's new financial discoveries. Free brochure. Achievement/Worldwide, P.O. Box 849, Sanford, FL 32771.

Furniture

Quality name brand furniture at discount prices. Murrow Furniture Galleries, P.O. Box 4337, Wilmington, NC 28406. Call toll-free, 1-800-334-1614 for brochure and price quotes.

Great Escapes

PERUVIAN ANDES, MACCHU PICCHU hiking/exploration. Outback Expeditions, P.O. Box 44, Terlingua, TX 79852. (915) 371-2490.

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $9.97. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.**

Health/Beauty

Fear of food? Lose it. Lose weight too. Send $2.00, S.A.S.E., to: Dakota, 304 W. 18th, #1, NYC 10011.

Instruction

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BECOME A DOCTOR OF NUTRIPATHY by correspondence. Info. $10, refundable. American College of Nutripathy, 6821i E. Thomas, Scottsdale, AZ 85251. (602) 946-5515.

Literary Services

Out of print books. Box 86NR, Cutten, CA 95534. Send requests.

DIAL-A-POEM (717) 264-1463. Receive national recognition for your poetry. 216-35 Amberson, Amberson, PA 17210.

Literature

RARE BOOKS. Japanese, Chinese art reference. Japanese woodblock prints. Catalogues $5.00 each. Rare Oriental Book Co., ABAA, P.O. Box N1599, Aptos, CA 95003.

AMERICA'S GAUNTLET and UNCOMMON SENSE—From Cancer Science to the Humanity Christ! Philosophy of all kinds and as one! Both for $9.00, postpaid. Send to: Word Enterprise, P.O. Box 535-C, Fairview, NJ 07022.

22 experts tell how to get the most out of college

If we have in mind the total job future of the student and not merely his or her first job after completing a postsecondary program, we would insist on developing qualities that are valuable in a great variety of jobs.

College and Character

A handbook by Nevitt Sanford, Joseph Axelrod, and colleagues—offering both parents and their children the background to maximize development in the college years—based upon a study which "launched a new era" in the analysis of higher education **(New York Times)**,—praised for "remarkably consistent clarity and insight" and "repeated emphasis upon the individual student" **(American Sociological Review)**.

May we send a copy to you or to an interested student?

Just send us (1) the words "College and Character," (2) a mailing address, (3) your check for $9.95 per copy (California residents: add 60¢ sales tax.) We pay shipping and handling within the U.S.; and upon request, will enclose a gift card.

Montaigne, Inc., Publisher (Desk 71)
99 El Toyonal, Orinda, California 94563

Music

Fine Hardwood Music Stands . . .

Early Music Stands makes the finest in hardwood music stands, upholstered performers benches, instrument stands, and much more. For your copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog of *chamber music furniture*, please send $1 (refunded on first order).

Early Music Stands
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

TEN THOUSAND GODDAM CATTLE 240 page book and 28 song album. $25.00 postpaid. Authentic Cowboy music from 30 years research. Katie Lee, Box 395, Jerome, AZ 86331.

Personal

SINGLE? Free brochure can change your life—significantly! Box 500-NR, Mendocino, California 95460

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245

Fem. leg amp. wants to locate "opposite" for shoe swap. My unused 11 B left for your right. All styles. Barb Conrad, 7205 Linwood Rd., Racine, WI 53402.

Lonely? Meet New and Exciting Playmates, Join our Swinging Club. Send large S.A.S.E. for detailed application. ACVID, Box 62-J, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

Photography

GO ANYWHERE, ANY TYPE. Confidential. D.C. Photographers, P.O. Box 140521, Dallas, TX 75214. (212) 824-8627.

Politics

WHAT IS CONGRESS REALLY UP TO? Find out in the 1980 Voting Record from Americans for Democratic Action. $2.00 TNR BOX 9755.

Property Sale/Rent

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. Mt. Vernon, New York 10553.

Recipes

150 year old Rocky Mountain apple pie and old Italian family recipes. S.A.S.E., $2.00: Lee's 5738 Selfridge, Lansing, MI 48910.

FROM HAWAII!! Chicken Coconut casserole, Hawaiin Beef Patties, Pineapple Chutney, Macadamia Nut Pie. Plus secret Mai Tai recipe. $2.00. Melva's Hawaiin Specialties, Box 1389-C, Green Valley, AZ 85614.

ENGLISH PICNIC FARE. Scotch eggs and mustard pickles. $2.00, S.A.S.E. 4300 Soquel Dr., #58, Soquel, CA 95073.

SIMPLE COOKING: broadsheet free to literate cooks. P.O. Box 371/Essex Station; Boston, MA 02112.

BEST DAMN CHILI IN TEXAS! Authentic Jailhouse Recipe. $1. 8635 Clover Meadow, Dallas, TX 75243.

Religion

22 Biblical contradictions, $1 Discovery, Box 20331-NR, WVC, UT 84120.

Survival Foods

FREEZE DRIED FOODS FOR HOME STORAGE, Independence, and Security. Free Catalog. Some selected dealerships still available. Modest Investment, Huge potential. Write: STOAWAY, 160 Cushing Highway, Cohasset, MA 02025.

Vacation/Travel

CHINA . . . Visit the People's Republic of China for LESS, and go FIRST CLASS with me.
Thomas L. Driscoll
718 Swedesford Road
Ambler, PA 19002

CARIBBEAN SEABEACH RESORT: efficiencies. Private coconut farm, great snorkeling. "Caribeplaya," Patillas, Puerto Rico 00723.

Etc.

W.H.O.

Strict guidelines for Infant Formula, due to its delicate use, its invaluable help to some children. Swiss, U.S. and other governments set standards for its sale to third world countries.

W.M.F.

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for $1.00 a word per issue or $30 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. *(Further rate information on preceding page.)*

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Human Potential

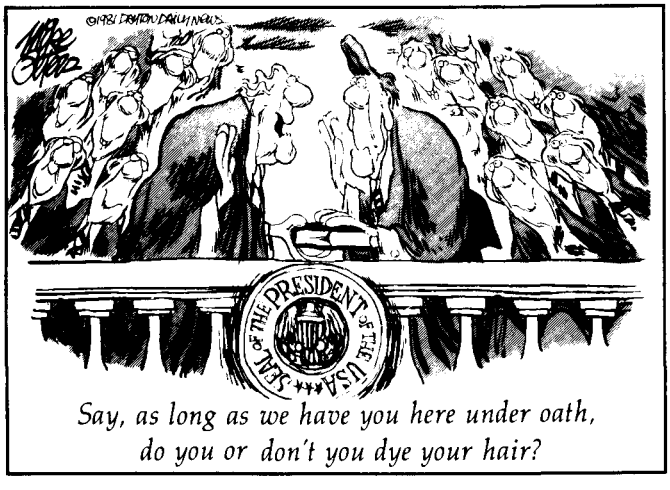
No achievement of the Reagan years is likely to leave as deep a mark on our society as the spectacle of a man of 70 facing the challenge of the presidency. Most of us will grow older with his model before us. We will stay on in our jobs, or take new ones, after we reach 65 because we will not expect to retire, thanks to Reagan. Even if his performance is no better than Carter's, President Reagan will change our attitudes toward aging. And if our attitudes change, our mores soon will follow. Can presidents have this effect on society? After all, a friend points out, the example of FDR did not work a comparable revolution in attitudes toward the handicapped. But thanks to what today we would call a "media cover-up," most people had no idea how handicapped Roosevelt was. Furthermore, FDR's situation was neither archetypal nor universal; Reagan's is. We aren't all going to become handicapped, but, if we're lucky, we all will grow old. Only a very few of us can identify with the handicapped, whereas the elderly are the picture of our future. Finally, Reagan takes office at the end of the "me decade," when self-fulfillment has become a canting faith; the handicapped FDR rode no such cultural tide. Reagan, indeed, is a paragon of self-fulfillment: a man who achieved his apotheosis when most men discover mortality. Move over, Carl Rogers, the human potential movement has a new patron saint.

As our range of spiritual experience narrows, we cosset our bodies as if *they* were our immortal part. Once the prerogative of movie stars like Reagan, fitness now is available to anyone who can afford a health club. Body reclamation is a mania. You have only to look at *People* to see that "How do they keep fit?" has replaced "Who are they sleeping with?" as the question we most want answered about our celebrities. Reagan's advent will be a boon for the body industry. Modeling themselves on the president, men and women of the professional classes will mount costly offensives against the signs of age, little D-Days against the bulges, wrinkles, sags, and pouches that once were viewed as the fine etchings left by experience. By the same token, people in rigorous working-class jobs, which leave you with little energy for pruning your body, may feel mocked by Reagan's hale longevity. Their wish is to rest after a lifetime of hard work, and Reagan may make retirement seem like a public confession of impotence. Reagan, then, will raise the level of life for some. But for others—for the policeman, waitress, mill worker, or truck driver—his example may heighten class differences to a bitter poignancy.

Reagan's vigor and appearance are exceptional, but then vibrant health has long been necessary to his livelihood. Reagan's looks may not be easily emulated, but the pattern of his career is. At mid-life, when most people feel the routine of their jobs like a damp weight on their spirits, Reagan changed his career, and the change renewed him. Ours is an age of specialization in every department of life. It is the dominant tendency of our technological order. Against this ethos, Ronald Reagan shows us a figure of hope who broke the chains of routine that might have made him old before his time. He is in this sense a countercultural figure. Of course, you don't have to change directions as dramatically as Reagan to find renewal. Two younger movie stars, Paul Newman and Robert Redford, are cases in point. They have taken up directing: it's the same business, but a new challenge. A few years ago, I. F. Stone closed his famous weekly to devote himself to classical scholarship. His fresh challenge may not be the only reason he looks far younger than his 70 years, nor why he has the intellectual curiosity of a youthful acolyte before the temple of knowledge, but nevertheless it must have given a fillip to his always buoyant spirit. Besides the gain to him and his lovely, witty, altogether wonderful Esther, his work on Plato is, according to an eminent classicist familiar with it, an original contribution to knowledge. So though we have lost a great journalist, we may have gained new insight into the charter documents of the Western tradition.

But here again, the opportunity for such self-renewal is limited by profession and class. An industrial worker cannot afford to change jobs, or even, like I. F. Stone, change the focus of his job. He is a prisoner of his tools; he cannot escape from specialization. What he did yesterday he must do tomorrow and tomorrow, until the knell of retirement sounds. The unions ought to pioneer job-sharing schemes for their members. In this way, denied the chance to fulfill himself in his work or by taking up new work, the industrial worker might find a measure of renewal in his leisure. While the culture slouches toward Sodom, the industrial worker alone remains under the disciplinary routine that the great English moralists from Carlyle to Orwell have taught us is the essence of industrialism. Still, it won't be long until even the industrial worker starts to demand what the culture of self-fulfillment has taught him to demand. We had modernism in the streets during the 1960s; perhaps during the 1980s we will have it in the factories. Already the values and habits that supported the old working class are everywhere under assault. And far from being the champion of these values, Ronald Reagan, with his glamorous Hollywood past, his expedient ties to religion and family, and his self-renewing career, is in this context, too, a figure of the counterculture—the culture of advertising and want creation which has changed our social character as a people in the last 60 years, and which now, through the instrument of the ageless Ronald Reagan, seems about to change our idea of the human life cycle itself, for better but also for worse.

J.B.



Say, as long as we have you here under oath, do you or don't you dye your hair?

Mike Peters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The latest issue of

dissent

features:

The Meaning of Reagan

The Winter/1981 issue features a full-scale, sharply-phrased analysis of the Reagan victory by Irving Howe. Here, to whet your appetite, are a few passages. (To read the whole piece, fill out the coupon below.)

"My own persuasion—in the nature of things, impossible to prove—is that Reagan's victory can be half-explained by the hypnagogic effects of this empty phrase, "get the government off our backs." Many people stretch out their hands and yield their hearts to this cry of nostalgia, this hunger for simplicity."

★

"In the short run, then, Reaganism may be the last hurrah of the more primitive versions of American conservatism, a last ecstatic facing backward to a fancied past. Put yourself in the hands of the god who manifests himself as an "invisible hand" and then all will be good. That this hasn't worked in the past keeps no one who desperately yearns for that past from trying to repeat it. But if Reaganism, the conservatism of the Simple Simons, proves a chimera, that doesn't mean, of course, that a more sophisticated, corporate conservatism won't be edging into greater power—with its own kinds of government controls and interventions. Reagan may if he presses, cripple minimum wage laws; he cannot, even if he wishes to, block the long-range trends toward "'corporate statism.'"

★

"Suppose, indeed, that Reagan doesn't go at the welfare state with a meat cleaver. Suppose he just uses a scalpel. Or better yet, suppose he just does nothing to implement or improve existing social programs. Don't you see that this is already doing severe damage to whatever we have of a welfare state?"

★

"And a word must be said here about the blacks. What can they expect from Reagans, from the D'Amatos, from the nameless new senators (we shall learn their names soon enough) who have replaced the beaten Democratic, and some Republican, liberals? Who can take seriously Reagan's talk about getting private enterprise to invest in the South Bronx? Who can fail to take seriously his distaste for the minimum wage? The results of this election can only make a sensitive black person feel forlorn, abandoned."

"What has been happening is, I think, a slow, belated tide of reaction against the counterculture and New Left manifestations of the late '60s, both against what was attractive in them and what was excessive. The willing of simplicity that results in slogans like "Get the government off our backs" finds a moralistic equivalent in a snarling intolerance of cultural and social difference. The Yahoos are up in arms again. And now—this is new!—they have as their allies New York intellectuals, only yesterday the friends of Paul Goodman."

★

"The air is full of attacks, mendacious from the right and feckless from the left, on the welfare state. It is not enough, this welfare state. It is not good enough, it needs ultimately to be "transcended," or modified, or improved. But first of all, it needs to be protected. And let us not, in the present atmosphere, allow ourselves to be deflected from recognizing that it is a great achievement. It has improved the lives of millions without endangering the liberty of anyone."

Also in this issue: A special section on the revolt of the Polish workers, with articles by Abraham Brumberg, Stefan Bratkowski, and Jacek Kuron, leader of the KOR movement.

$3.00 a copy / $12.00 annual subscription

DISSENT, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017

Kindly send a copy of your Winter/1981 issue for which I enclose $3.00 or (enter a one-year sub to start with Winter/1981, $12.00 payment enclosed). Add $2.00 for all foreign (including Canada). NO BILLING PLEASE! (Please print.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED